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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE LICK MONUMENT, SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS FROM THE ACCEPTED DESIGN BY FRANK HAPPERSBERGER.—[SEE PAGE 42.]

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IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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A CHECKMATE?

THE Senate suddenly set aside the elections bill. Eight "silver" Republicans voted with the Democrats. So the long debate ended, and apparently will not be resumed. The astonishment of the Republican leaders was great, but their defeat was complete, and the country undoubtedly welcomes the result. For why was it that Republican journals urged the Senate with reiterated and vehement appeals not to flinch from passing the bill? Why was so much caucussing of the majority of the Senate necessary to screw up its courage to the point of adopting a rule for the previous question? Why were the Republican Senators STEWART and WOLCOTT and TELLER and WASHBURN decried and denounced by party organs? Why was Vice-President MORTON, by ruling that an appeal from his decision is debatable, regarded as obstructing the party plans? Why was the situation in the Senate called a crisis which required heroic action upon the part of the majority? The answer to these questions is evident. If the elections bill had been felt to be a measure demanded by the convictions and desire of the Republican party, if it had been believed to be approved by the general good sense and patriotism of the country, and to be proposed not for a party purpose, but for the promotion of the general welfare, the Republican majority would no more have hitched and hesitated and caucussed, and the Republican papers would no more have exhorted and cajoled and threatened, than when it was proposed to pass any great and distinctive antislavery measure in the earlier days of the party.

This course of action was due wholly to the suspicion that neither party sentiment nor public opinion really approved the measure. It was due to the consciousness of a Republican and general conviction which made the Republican Senator WOLCOTT say, "The bill, Mr. President, should not become a law, because it involves Federal interference and espionage at other than national elections, and such interference is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and an obstacle to the right enjoyment of our liberties." And again, "It would be idle to say that the government could not enforce this law; it would be equally idle to claim that in fact it ever would be enforced." Why? Because "the people of the United States want no more civil strife, and against the united opposition of the white population in the Southern States, any attempt to enforce it would mean, practically, conflict between the State and national authorities." And again, because "in the present economic condition of the South, and with the present general ignorance of the colored race—for which it is in no wise responsible—there are many things more important and vital to the welfare of the nation than that the colored citizens of the South shall vote." And once more, "In Colorado, ... if such a condition of affairs existed as the Senator stated [in regard to the supposed voting of the Chinese in Oregon], and if that vote was opposed to the united and intelligent white vote, then, in some way and by some method, I know not how, the white vote would govern."

Mr. WOLCOTT said that if a day for Congressional elections separate from any local election could be selected, and its supervisors could be so limited in power and tenure of office as to secure impartiality, he would favor such a measure. But "any Federal meddling with State elections is, to my mind, intolerable. . . . It is, to my mind, better that its [New York's] local and State elections should be attended with fraud and dishonesty than that they should be kept pure by Federal interference." Yet Mr. WOLCOTT admitted that "wherever in the South the colored vote outnumbers the white it is not permitted to be cast; or, if cast, is not permitted to be counted." He conceded that Congress had the right to pass the bill, but he held that it was in the highest degree inexpedient for the national welfare, for the colored citizens, and for the Republican party, because not only could not such a bill accomplish the object sought, but it must necessarily produce great evils. It was the consciousness that in a few plain words Mr. WOLCOTT had expressed a deep and wide-spread Republican conviction, which explains the hesitation in the Senate and the hectoring of part of the party press. There was a general whistling to keep up party courage to pass the bill. But if it could have been or can still be passed only by a practically revolutionary suppression of debate in the Senate, the old party of free speech would be a singular instrument to accomplish such a result.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

THE report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York is one of the most important State papers of the year. It is very fortunate for the State that the office of Superintendent is held by a man of unusual ability and intelligence, and of untiring and courageous devotion to a commanding public interest. Mr. DRAPER's services are recognized beyond the State, and it is satisfactory to know that when he speaks to educational assemblies in other States the voice of New York is heeded as worthy both of the cause and of the commonwealth. The statistics of the report are suggestive of the importance and the power of this department. The number of children of school age in the State is 1,844,596, of which 1,042,160 have attended school at some time during the year, while the average daily attendance has been 642,984. This shows an increase of about 40,000 "schoolable" children since last year's report, of about 9000 in the number who have attended school at some time, and of about 5000 in daily attendance. Last year the Superintendent remarked that the total attendance does not advance at the same rate as the total number of children of school age, and he gave a table of comparison by percentages.

The percentage of total attendance as compared with the total school population was 0.573 in 1889, while in 1851 it was 0.756; and the decline, although not regular from year to year, has been constant. The children included in the difference are to be found either in the parochial schools or in private schools, or they are not in school at all. When the statistics of actual school attendance are known, as compared with the cost of the maintenance of the schools, the question of an effective compulsory law will be much illuminated. If it be the duty of the State to provide schools for children, it is as peremptory a duty to take care that the children go to school, and the Superintendent again urges a more effective compulsory or truant law. The whole number of teachers employed at any time during the year was 31,703. The salaries aggregated $10,422,171. The average salary in cities is $694 29, and in towns $285 49. In ten years the average salary of teachers has advanced from $375 to $436. The report attributes the marked increase of interest in school work, and the constantly advancing qualifications, to the system of uniform examinations as the basis of the certificates of the School Commissioners.

This touches a vital point of the public-school system—the method of appointing teachers. Superintendent DRAPER has urged a system of uniform examinations as indispensable to the elevation of the standards of instruction and the equalization of the value of the schools. No greater measure of improvement of the school system in the State could be proposed, and the Superintendent's persistence, and the evident reason and utility of his scheme, have led to its general adoption. In the absence of law, however, the adoption can be only partially effective from the want of a common revision of the papers, and to secure that result, the Legislature may well heed the recommendation of the Superintendent that provision be made by the Legislature for an examination of the answer papers by a central board of examiners, in substantially the same way that such papers from the academies are examined in the office of the Regents of the University. The number of examinations during the year for teachers' certificates was 18,594, and 5877 applicants did not pass. The cause of popular education in the State would be greatly advanced should the Legislature authorize a central board of examination of the answer papers. There is no reason why the schools in every rural district should not be all of the same excellence, and as this must depend largely upon the teachers, the selection of teachers should be regulated by a uniform and impartial system. The Superintendent's report calls attention to the fact of the passage in 1795 of the law contemplating a public-school system in New York, and suggests that it is not too early to consider the question of a becoming observance of the centennial anniversary.

PEACE ON THE BEHRING SEA.

THE rumors of the refusal of our government to submit to arbitration the Behring Sea dispute with England, and the speculations of the London and New York press, were suddenly ended by the publication of Secretary BLAINE's letter of December 17, 1890, concluding with a proposition of arbitration. It is a very long paper, practically reducing the difference to the inquiry whether the phrase "the Pacific Ocean" in the Russian treaties with England and America of 1824 and 1825 included the Behring Sea. Great Britain maintains that it did; the United States that it did not; and in this letter Secretary BLAINE shows from the diary of Secretary JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and from the secret archives of the State Department, that the Russian Minister, in a note, defined the construction placed upon the treaty by Russia, with which note Secretary ADAMS concurred. The English treaty was made after this transaction, and must, of course, be interpreted in its light. The question, therefore, is what rights in Behring Sea were granted by Great Britain to Russia, from whom they passed to us. This question Lord SALISBURY has proposed to leave to impartial arbitration, and Secretary BLAINE now accepts the principles of Lord SALISBURY's offer, but not its terms. The Secretary expressly denies that this government has demanded that the Behring Sea be pronounced a closed sea, but justifies the proposition to hold a section of it for the protection of fur seals by an extract from a letter of Mr. E. J. PHELPS, our late Minister to England.

The important fact is that the letter of Mr. BLAINE puts an end to the rumors of war. The report of his peremptory refusal to submit to arbitration was accompanied by the statement that the British government had issued orders to its Pacific squadron, that the German government had begun to take a lively interest in the question, and that our own government had directed the concentration of a large part of our naval force in the Pacific. The Secretary's alleged refusal to arbitrate was the more surprising not only because arbitration is always preferable in such disputes, but because the department has seemed to consider the recent Pan-American Congress fully justified by its proposition of arbitration for all inter-American difficulties. The arguments for such a course with foreign American states are equally applicable to differences with other powers. Moreover, the suggestion of war with England upon a question so little understood in this country, and in the present condition of our naval and maritime defences, was absurd, and the supposition that we could help the matter by bluster was no less so. Besides, the letter of Secretary BLAINE is conclusive evidence of the desirability of arbitration. The question is of the interpretation of treaties and of historical precedents. Why should we fall to fighting about such a difference? If arbitration is of any use in any case whatever, why is this not precisely the case? If there be some political or party consideration involved, does anybody seriously suppose that the fortunes of the Republican party would be improved by precipitating a war with England about the seal fishery in the Behring Sea? The war of 1812 had at least a popular cry. The impressment of American citizens on British ships, if not the real cause of the war, was its popular cause. Yet never was a more unpopular war; and an administration which should so wholly misunderstand the national feeling as to contemplate war as a settlement of the present difference about the seal fishery would at once, and justly, entirely forfeit public confidence.

THE COPYRIGHT BILL IN THE SENATE.

THE Senate, it is hoped by the friends of the measure, will not long delay to take up the copyright bill, and pass it as it came from the House. Those friends are agreed that amendments, which would, of course, require its return to the House, would probably defeat it, and therefore that amendments must be regarded as measures of hostility to the bill. It is very easy to urge plausible arguments for amendments of various kinds. But nobody knows this better than its opponents, and the proposer of an amendment must be suspected to be a Greek bringing gifts.

If the Senate really favors the purpose of the bill, which its former action seems to prove, it may be very sure that it represents in its present form the happy union of sentiment of all the interests concerned. The great interest—that of the reading public—is represented with quite as much hearti-

ness as that of the authors and publishers and manufacturers. Its representative is the press, which supports with great earnestness the bill in its present form, the only form which seemed to satisfy all views, and to be the present practicable form of the great measure.

We observe that Mr. MAX MUELLER, one of the most sagacious of the English friends of the bill, anticipates nothing but good from its passage, claiming that it will open a larger market, and consequently reduce the price of books both in England and America. The extra cost of the double printing will be unimportant as compared with the advantage. He sees, as every judicious friend of the measure sees and says, that it is a compromise, but an honorable and wise compromise, which establishes a just policy, and which when it is once a law can be amended as experience may suggest.

FINANCIAL WISDOM.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Lumber Trade Journal*, in exposing some of the fallacies of the silver craze, cites the views and practices of the sage Governor KIEFT, of New Amsterdam, as recorded by Diedrich Knickerbocker, which seem to be worthy of consideration by some members of Congress:

"Next to his projects for the suppression of poverty may be classed those of WILLIAM the Testy for increasing the wealth of New Amsterdam. Solomon, of whose character for wisdom the little Governor was somewhat emulous, had made gold and silver as plenty as the stones in the streets of Jerusalem. WILLIAM KIEFT could not pretend to vie with him as to the precious metals, but he determined, as an equivalent, to flood the streets of New Amsterdam (as New York was then called) with Indian money. This was nothing more nor less than strings of beads, wrought out of clams, periwinkles, and other shell-fish, and called seawan or wampum. These had formed a native currency among the simple savages, who were content to take them from the Dutchmen in exchange for peltries. In an unlucky moment WILLIAM the Testy, seeing this money of easy production, conceived the project of making it the current coin of the province. It is true it had an intrinsic value among the Indians, who used it to ornament their robes and moccasins, but among the honest burghers it had no more intrinsic value than those rags which form the paper currency of modern days. This consideration, however, had no weight with WILLIAM the Testy. He began by paying all the servants of the company and all the debts of the government in strings of wampum. He sent emissaries to sweep the shores of Long Island, which was the Ophir of this modern Solomon, and abounded in shell-fish. These were transported in loads to New Amsterdam, coined into Indian money, and launched into circulation.

"And now, for a time, affairs went on swimmingly; money became as plentiful as in the modern days of paper currency, and, to use the popular phrase, 'a wonderful impulse was given to public prosperity.' Yankee traders poured into the provinces, buying everything they could lay their hands on, and paying the worthy Dutchmen their own price—in Indian money. If the latter, however, attempted to pay the Yankees in the same coin for their tin-ware and wooden bowls, the case was altered; nothing would do but Dutch guilders and such like metallic currency. What was worse, the Yankees introduced an inferior kind of wampum, made of oyster-shells, with which they deluged the province, carrying off in exchange all the silver and gold, the Dutch herrings, and Dutch cheeses. Thus early did the knowing men of the East manifest their skill in bargaining the New-Amsterdamers out of the oyster and leaving them the shell."

"EOTHEN."

WE recall no book published within the last generation which produced so immediate and brilliant an impression as *Eothen*, the author of which, ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, has just died at the age of eighty. It was a book of travels in the East, but it was written in a style and with a spirit so fresh and striking that it captivated the English-speaking public, and was translated into every Continental language. In this country its popularity was very great, and it was issued in many different forms.

Eothen was the first of books of travel in the modern manner; not a diary of successive events, but a series of pictures, a romance of adventure, in which impressions and sentiments were treated with glowing richness of rhetoric and scholarship and literary skill. The opening sentences, as in HAWTHORNE's tales, made the sensitive reader conscious of a spell which held him to the end; and if when he closed the book he could not give much information about Egypt or the lower Danube, he had, as upon the enchanted Arabian carpet, been transported to the East, and had seen very Egypt and the Nile. "You dare not mock at the Sphinx."

In later years Mr. KINGLAKE wrote his other book, an elaborate and exhaustive history of the Crimean war, which took at once, and holds a place among the best of English historical works. The episode upon LOUIS NAPOLEON is one of the most incisive and caustic accounts of that personage. The whole work has the brilliancy and satirical independence of tone which characterize *Eothen*, although without a certain freshness of enthusiasm which marks the earlier work. Mr. KINGLAKE's personality was not familiar to the public at any time. But his name will always have delightful associations for those who felt the charm of *Eothen*.

THE DUTCH AND THE PILGRIMS.

THE proposition of a monument at Delftshaven to commemorate Dutch hospitality to the Pilgrims has received a check by the refusal of the Connecticut Congregational Club to co-operate. The report of its committee denies the hospitality, and limits the Dutch kindness to a simple toleration of the Pilgrims during their stay. The facts probably are that, as BRADFORD says, the Pilgrims went to Holland because they had heard that in that country there was "freedom of religion for all men," and when they left, EDWARD WINSLOW says that they had enjoyed "much peace and liberty," and he does not mention any unkindness of treatment from the Dutch.

There is no tradition of such unkindness, and the probable truth is that they were not molested, although in no other way especially favored. But to men who were actively persecuted at home, entire freedom to worship at their will and to pursue their callings seemed both hospitality and liberty. The New Haven Congregational Club says that the Dutch government merely allowed the Pilgrims to live. Now we call America the home of the oppressed. But what other hospitality do we show to foreigners, except the Chinese, than permission to live? Must the Dutch be shown to have displayed some especial and tender consideration for the Pilgrims before they can be called hospitable?

In those days was not permission to live in a foreign country and to work unmolested, hospitality, and are we hospitable in any other sense? Could the Moravians claim that we were not hospitable or deserving of grateful regard because we merely allowed them to live on the banks of the Lehigh? We do not recall any expression among the Pilgrims after their arrival in this country which accused the Dutch of inhospitality. The monument at Delftshaven would commemorate the unmolested residence of the Pilgrims for twelve years in Holland, their peaceful worship there, and their departure for America, one of the greatest incidents in history. In later times their descendants and descendants of the Pilgrims may well delight in the fact that the Pilgrims chose Holland for a refuge from the persecutions of their native land, and so began the happy association of Dutchmen and Englishmen who in another land and under common beneficent institutions have now become Americans.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

THE independent movement in Massachusetts has had much sympathy from many Republicans who were not willing to leave their party, but who have deplored its recent tendency and control. Some of the more positive Republican tariff reformers indeed left the party ranks and associated themselves with the Democrats, and the late election has shown other Republicans that some heroic and united action is necessary if the party is to retain the sympathy of the best sentiment of the State. To many of the most intelligent and liberal and progressive citizens of Massachusetts the Democratic name, traditions, and tendencies are not agreeable, and a movement which has been privately discussed for some time has now taken form to secure control and reorganization of the party.

A Republican conference, but not of those most interested in the new movement, was recently held in Boston, possibly to obtain command of it by prior action. But the new leaders, composed largely of younger men, were not to be thwarted in that way, and issued a call for a meeting to form a club, which was addressed to 100 Republicans, with the exception of Senators, Representatives, and office-holders. The first conference does not oppose this scheme, thus yielding the leadership to the later movement. The declaration of principles is as follows:

"The purpose of this club is to promote honest politics; to oppose candidacy for public office of party prominence for private gain; to purify elections, caucuses, and political committees; to encourage political activity at primaries and caucuses among all good citizens; to advocate and disseminate the principles on which the Republican party was founded, and by which it has won its greatest victories; and with such principles at heart to enunciate from time to time new objects and measures deserving support.

"(1). We believe in honest money. We believe in securing the adoption by the chief commercial nations of the world of a fixed ratio between gold and silver. We believe in the conservative regulation of the currency, and condemn its inflation either by the issue of inconvertible paper money or by the free coinage of the depreciated dollar. Our currency should be established and maintained upon as firm a basis as that of any other nation.

"(2). We believe in a protective tariff that shall impose duties where they are needed, and only where needed, to equalize the labor cost of production, and to develop American resources and American commerce, but not to relieve favored corporations or individuals from foreign competition.

"(3). We believe in the extension of American commerce and in the encouragement of American shipping, and in placing it on an equal footing with foreign shipping in the struggle for the carrying trade of the world.

"(4). We believe that selection for the public service should be made for merit and not for partisan activity, and that the civil service law should be extended to all departments of the government.

"(5). We believe in the restriction of immigration, and in the exclusion of paupers, criminals, and other persons unfitted for the duties of American citizenship.

"(6). We believe in the preservation of our public schools and in compulsory education. The welfare of the state depends upon the intelligence of its citizens.

"(7). We believe in a free and pure ballot, and an honest count at every polling precinct in the United States. There should be no restriction of the suffrage except by law."

This declaration is explicit in its second and fourth articles; the second rejects the principle of the MCKINLEY tariff; the fourth is an unqualified acceptance of the principle of civil service reform; the seventh article is a statement with which every honest and patriotic citizen will agree, but it does not imply that the election law provides the means of securing the object sought. The progress of the movement will be an interesting study. The old party hands will try to obtain control of it, but it is safe to say that if the next Republican State Convention in Massachusetts honestly adopts substantially the platform of the proposed club, the Democrats will not carry the State in 1892.

HUMORS OF THE HOLIDAYS.

MR. CLARKSON, the late Assistant Postmaster-General, is a pleasant humorist, and largely contributed to the cheerfulness of the holiday season by an interview which was exceedingly amusing. Alluding to the election bill, he said that he believed it would pass because it was right, and because it was "the first and paramount pledge of honor" in the Republican platform. He further remarked that the "Republican duty under the conscience of the party" is to "keep its covenants," and "if it does not do it, now that it has the full power and opportunity, it will die, and deserve to die, from lack of courage and honor to live." And the humorous gentleman repeated that the Republican party was peculiarly and distinctively "a party of sentiment and conscience, and especially pledged to sacred honor on this subject."

This is richness beyond Squeers. The Republican party in the same platform not only made another pledge upon another subject, which it has also repeated regularly since 1872, that it would honestly enforce civil service reform, but it expressly pledged itself to keep the pledge, and its candidate personally renewed the promise. He was elected, and called Mr. CLARKSON into the branch of the service to which reform is peculiarly applicable, and in which it is peculiarly practicable, and Mr. CLARKSON laughingly and ruthlessly broke the pledge, and in word and deed frankly expressed his contempt for the reform which was a "paramount pledge of honor" of his party.

So to speak, the humorous Mr. CLARKSON whistled the party "conscience" and "sentiment" and "sacred honor" down the wind, and if Mr. WOLCOTT and the other Republicans who voted to set aside the election bill are "deserters," "traitors," and "conspirators," as they are now called by Republican organs, what, pray, is the humorous Mr. CLARKSON to whom the burlesque season was greatly indebted?

PERSONAL.

THE signature of the late General FRANCIS E. SPINNER, ex-Treasurer of the United States, was one of the worst stumbling-blocks for forgers and counterfeiters that ever was devised. He originated it when a harness-maker's apprentice in Amsterdam, New York, at seventeen, practised on it in later years when he became a Congressman, and perfected it as Treasurer of the United States. The writing of the signature involved considerable labor, and when General SPINNER affixed it to many Treasury notes in a day it is said that his wrist became so swollen and painful that it had to be swathed in wet cloths. While Treasurer, Mr. SPINNER earned the gratitude of the women of this country by being the first man to admit members of their sex to the government service. He was eighty-eight years old when he died, in Florida, from the cancer that had been slowly eating away his life. He was born in what is now known as Mohawk, New York, and his father, who had left the Roman Catholic priesthood to become a Protestant clergyman, educated him carefully first, and then had him learn both the trades of a confectioner and harness-maker. He followed neither, but became a merchant, and then the cashier of a bank, holding various town, county, and State offices in the mean time, and winning his military title in the State militia. General SPINNER was elected to Congress as an antislavery Democrat, and served on the committee that investigated the assault of PRESTON BROOKS on CHARLES SUMNER. He was re-elected as a Republican. President LINCOLN called him to the United States Treasurership in 1861, and he held the place for fourteen years, when he resigned. The general's precision in even the most minute matters was shown in his last official act, when, having discovered a deficiency of one cent in the money in the Treasury, he ordered a recount, requiring several weeks, found the discrepancy, balanced his books, and retired.

—Bishop JOHN P. NEWMAN, who is one of the best-known Methodist divines and educators in the country, will be a prominent figure at the quarter-centennial Methodist jubilee that is soon to be held in New Orleans. He will speak on "The Future of the Negro Race"—a subject which he is particularly fitted to discuss, as much of his work has been among the colored people of the South.

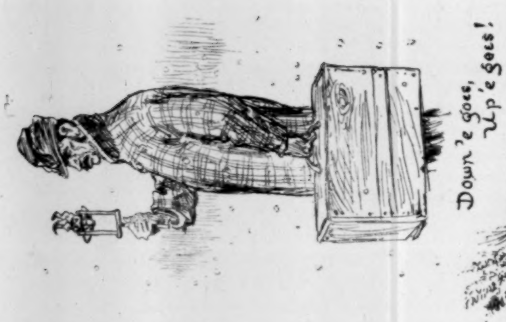
—RUSSELL SAGE, the largest individual loaner of money in New York, perhaps, is said to have a rule never to loan more than $500,000 on any given day.

—A despatch received last week from London announced the death of CHARLES KEENE, an artist on the staff of *Punch*. The term "caricaturist" was hardly applicable to KEENE. The subjects chosen by him were humorous, but the personages he drew and who spoke their words were never in the least grotesque. KEENE was a realist in its highest signification. His sketches present not the eccentricities but idiosyncrasies of middle-class English and Scotch men and women. There was no extravagance. He had a predilection for what was comic, and he followed that vein. He might have been dainty, but as idealism was wanting in the occupants of 'bus or railway carriage, he never made it. What particularly delighted American artists were the little suggestive bits, such as of landscape or interiors. With a few lines all the adjuncts were there. KEENE was absolutely truthful and honest, and the very best man for his special work in all England. In book form *Our People* contains the major part of KEENE's works, and his most recent contribution to *Punch* was in August of last year.

—INAZO NITOBE, a member of a distinguished Japanese family, and a graduate of Harvard College and a German university, has just married Miss MARY ELKINTON, a cultured young Philadelphia Quakeress. He will take her back to Japan, where he is to fill an important government office.

—Rev. Mr. FIZER, a Methodist minister, ran for Governor on the Republican ticket in the last Arkansas election. He has now been suspended for six months by his bishop for going into politics.

—In the recent disastrous fire in the Gilsey block on upper Broadway, which destroyed the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Mr. CHARLES GRAHAM, the artist, whose drawings are well known to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, narrowly escaped serious loss. His studio was the only room in the block that escaped injury. The flames were not checked until after they had burned through the floors and ceilings of the rooms across the hallway, and had damaged the adjacent apartment. The destruction of Mr. GRAHAM's studio, with its fittings, would have been a great and irreparable loss, containing as it does his large collection of quaintly curious relics and models. Here he keeps the scraps and portfolios of twenty years of artistic work in a wide and varied field, many of the drawings depicting scenes of Western frontier life in an epoch now passed. With these is a large amount of fresh material gathered in Western journeyings through the past summer and autumn for HARPER'S WEEKLY.



A PRETZEL PEDDLER.

EAST-SIDE MERCHANTS OF THE SIDEWALK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 50.]

SERGIUS STEPNIAK.—From a Photograph by Sarony.—[See Page 42.]

CAPTAIN GEORGE D. WALLACE.—From a Photograph.

JOSEPH DONOGHUE, CHAMPION AMATEUR SKATER.—[See Page 42.]

CAPTAIN G. D. WALLACE.

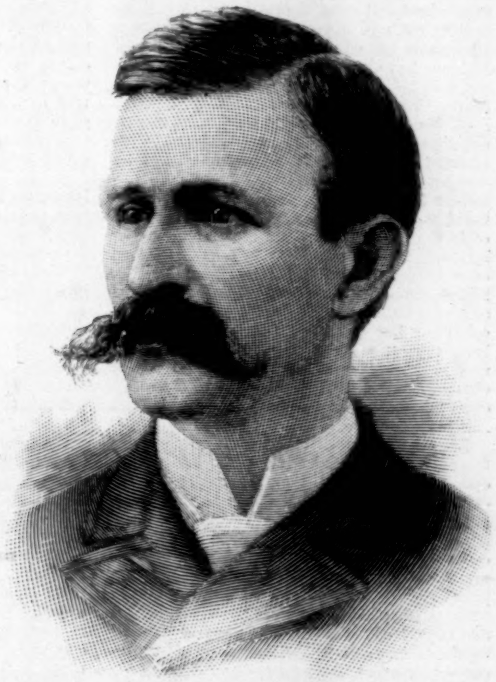
The army has lost a most gallant officer in the death of Captain George D. Wallace, Seventh Cavalry, who was killed by the hostile Sioux at Wounded Knee Creek in the engagement of the 29th of December. A native of South Carolina, the son of A. S. Wallace, formerly a Congressman from that State, he entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1868, and was graduated with distinction in 1872, ninth in rank in a class of fifty-seven members. Assigned to the Seventh Cavalry as Second Lieutenant, he served in garrison about five months at Lawrenceville and Newberry in his native State, and then at Memphis. Thence he was ordered to Fort Abraham Lincoln in Dakota, and took part in the Yellowstone expedition of 1873, while the year following he commanded Indian scouts in the Black Hills expedition. His next service was at Shreveport, Louisiana, and in the Upper Red River district, while in 1876 he returned to Fort Lincoln, and with the Seventh Cavalry took part in the Sioux expedition of that year which resulted in the disastrous battle of the Little Big Horn. Troop G, to which Lieutenant Wallace then belonged, was one of those put by Lieutenant-Colonel Custer under the immediate command of Major Reno during the attack upon the Sioux camp. It may be remembered that the Indians, who were in unexpectedly heavy force, not only annihilated Custer's column, not a soul escaping, but drove Reno back to a hill, where he succeeded in intrenching his forces until help arrived. We find it related of Wallace that during this retrograde one of his men having been shot, he dismounted, under the fire of the savages, and lifted him up. Feeling that he was grievously wounded, the man begged the Lieutenant to kill him outright, so that he might not be tortured to death or captured by a merciless foe. But Wallace raised him to his own saddle and brought him off. Anecdotes have been told of his bravery and consideration on other occasions, such as his entering a burning stable to look after the horses, and his lending his overcoat to a chilled and suffering soldier. While the means of verifying these various incidents are not seasonably at hand, there is no question of the esteem in which he was held as a soldier and a man.

The terrible losses in the Little Big Horn slaughter brought promotions to the survivors, especially to the subalterns. Lieutenant Wallace was commissioned as First Lieutenant, to date from the day of the battle, June 25, 1876, and for nearly a year afterward he was regimental Adjutant. In 1885 his promotion to be Captain followed. A few years earlier he had been united in marriage to Miss Carrie M.

FREDERIC REMINGTON, THE ARTIST.—[See Page 43.]

HIRAM A. TUTTLE.—From a Photograph by Kimball, Concord. [See Page 42.]

LUZON B. MORRIS.—From a Photograph. [See Page 42.]



WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN.—From a Photograph by Notman, Albany.—[See Page 51.]

Otis, daughter of the late Mr. George L. Otis, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and niece of Judge Otis. She now survives him.

Fourteen years after the sanguinary affair with the Sioux on the Little Big Horn, the Seventh Cavalry, stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, under Colonel Forsyth, was again called to take the field against the same tribe. Captain Wallace, who had been in command of Troop L, had, under last summer's consolidation orders, received the command of Troop K. The regiment promptly moved to Pine Ridge Agency, the scene of the troubles. We need not describe in detail the events which followed. Enough to say that after the death of Sitting Bull the band of Big Foot, which had threatened to go upon the war-path, was overtaken by a battalion of the Seventh Cavalry under command of Major Whiteside, and marched to the camp on Wounded Knee Creek, about twenty miles from the agency. The remainder of the regiment, under Colonel Forsyth, then came up, and on the morning of the 29th of December orders were given to disarm the Indians. Meanwhile forces surrounded them, and Hotchkiss guns commanded the camp from the hills. Suddenly, while the search for rifles was going on in the tepees, the Indians attacked the troops. In the first surprise of an attempt which seemed little short of madness the soldiers suffered severely; but they soon recovered, and the hostile band was almost destroyed. Many brave officers and men, however, had been killed or severely wounded, and among the first of the slain was Captain Wallace, who had been struck in the forehead with a club.

On the 7th of January the body of the gallant officer, which had been sent to his home in Yorkville, South Carolina, draped in the flag of his troop, was buried with solemn ceremonies at that place. The schools of the town and many of the people joined in the funeral procession; and when the well-deserved eulogies had been pronounced, the local military body fired a salute over his grave. Captain Wallace was an officer homely in features, but tall and soldierly in bearing, and alike popular and respected. His memory will be dear not only to his regiment, but to the whole army.

As these closing lines are written news comes of the death of another gallant officer, First Lieutenant Edward W. Casey, who was shot through the head by a Brulé Sioux, while scouting near the hostile camp. A native of California, and a graduate of the Military Academy in 1873, he had, since that date, been an officer of the Twenty-second Infantry, reaching his First Lieutenancy about eleven years ago. A portrait of this fine and promising officer was given in the WEEKLY of December 27, 1890, accompanied by an account of his remarkable success in training his company of Cheyenne scouts, which he was commanding at the time of his death. Like Wallace, he fell at the post of duty.

THE LICK MONUMENT TO CALIFORNIA.

IN 1875 James Lick, of California, made a bequest in which the thirteenth clause called for a monument to California representing its history and industries from the earliest times to the present. The monument was to be "well worth $100,000," and was to be erected in the city of San Francisco. Accordingly the trustees of the James Lick Trust opened a competition for the erection of this monument, inviting all sculptors, both abroad and at home, to compete. The result of this competition was that twenty-eight designs were forwarded, some from Europe, but mostly American productions.

On the 12th of September of last year the model of Frank Happersberger was selected as the best and most appropriate. Mr. Happersberger, still a young man, born in San Francisco, but educated in the art centres of Europe, has already given an earnest of his work in his monument to James A. Garfield in the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco. In the competition for the Garfield Monument he easily carried the laurels from twenty-three competitors, though at that time he was but twenty-four years of age.

The Lick Monument, his latest achievement, consists of a heavy circular centre shaft of light California granite resting on a circular base, and surmounted by a heroic figure of California represented as "Eureka"—a figure twelve feet in height. She is represented standing erect, with spear in hand and shield by her side; and at her feet a grizzly bear, typical of California. Beneath this figure, in a broad circle surrounding the entire shaft, is an *alto-rilievo* of the fruits and agricultural productions of California, typical of her great fertility.

Below this circle of fruits, and dividing the circumference of the shaft, are four panels in *alto-rilievo* representing the four principal epochs of California's history, viz., the Indian era of aboriginal possession, the Spanish occupation, the period of American gold discoveries, and the subsequent era of progress and agricultural development. One panel represents a scene in the pioneer trip "across the plains," its dangers and hardships, and the sturdy character of those that endured that memorable trip. Another panel represents California in its great agricultural pursuits and fruit-bearing capability. The Indian occupation also finds a place on one of the panels—Indians trading with trappers. Surrounding the base of the central shaft are medallion portraits of the most prominent men whose names are inseparably linked with the history of California—Fremont, Sloat, Sutter, Serra, Lick. Around the lowest tier of the shaft is a circle of names of other prominent personages connected with the history of California, the early explorers and subsequent builders of the State—Drake, Cabrillo, Portala, Castro, Alvarado, Marshall, Stockton, and Vallejo. In the rear of the shaft lie two flags, the American flag at Monterey covering and replacing the bear flag of Sonoma.

Forming two wings of the whole structure are two massive pedestals supporting the two main bronze groups. These groups are eight feet in height, and about six feet broad at the base. One group represents the mining period, to which California owes so much of her greatness. Three miners are deliberating over the finding of a nugget of gold by one of them. This group is a typical one, and has been well handled by the sculptor. The second main group also consists of three figures—a Spanish vaquero in the act of throwing a lasso, a missionary, and an Indian, illustrative of that period when the early Spanish missionaries came to California to convert the Indian to the ways of Christianity. The Indian is lying in the foreground in lazy attitude, and reluctantly receiving the missionary's tuition.

Projecting from the sides are two smaller pedestals, the one supporting a grizzly bear, and the other a deer, typical of the animal life in California in its original and primitive state. These figures are over life size. The central shaft of the monument, near its base, is encircled with the inscription: "Dedicated to the city of San Francisco by James Lick." The entire height of the monument will be fifty feet, and the length fifty-five feet. It will be executed in San Francisco, where the sculptor has already started on the heroic figure of California. The site for the monument could not have been more happily selected. It is to be placed in an elliptical enclosure directly in front of the new City Hall.

THE FASTEST SKATER IN THE WORLD.

JOSEPH F. DONOGHUE, who is now winning races with great regularity abroad, comes of a family of skaters. His father, "Tim" Donoghue, is a boat-builder at Newburgh, New York, and was for many years the champion professional skater of America. "Tim," junior, an older brother, has shown remarkable speed on the steel runners, and his record of 2 minutes 12⅗ seconds for one mile straight away, with the wind, made on February 1, 1887, is by far the best time that has ever been made, and it is exceedingly doubtful if it is ever beaten. A younger brother, James, has shown great speed although he is but seventeen years old, and when "Joe," as he is familiarly known, sees fit to retire, the youngest of the family will doubtless keep up the record.

Although Joseph F. Donoghue is but twenty years old, he is the holder of many American records, and ~~has~~ this year made some new ones abroad. The present trip to Europe is not his first, but it is likely to prove his most successful. In 1889 he went abroad in January and met many of the best skaters, winning a number of the races in which he entered, but the men whom he met were more mature, and in the best of condition. This year he started earlier, and that he is better than ever before is clearly shown by the results of his racing.

In the latter part of November, 1890, he was training in Norway, and offered to skate a five miles' race against any amateur in Norway or Sweden. The challenge was accepted by Oscar Frediksen, of Christiana, and the race took place on December 12th, in the rink of the Norwegian skating club. Donoghue won easily, in the fast time of 16 minutes, 28⅗ seconds. He had no idea that he was making such time, or he would have gone faster and made a new record. For this victory a cup, valued at about $54, was given to him. The next race was at Heerenveen, for the championship of the Netherlands, on December 17th. The course was 1609 metres (about a foot less than one mile), and Donoghue won in 3 minutes, 9⅘ seconds; his nearest rival, Laudahl, being 22 seconds behind him. On the next day the three miles' race, also for the championship of the Netherlands, was skated, and Donoghue won in 9 minutes, 17 seconds, fairly running away from the next man, Laudahl, who did not finish until 1 minute, 23 seconds later. Then he went to England, and on Lingay Fen, Grantchester, Cambridge, he beat the best English skaters in a race at one and a half miles for the Prince of Orange prize, winning by 22 seconds from Loveday, the English champion, in 4 minutes, 46 seconds, and making a new record for the distance.

A rest for a short time was taken to prepare for the contests for the amateur championship of the world which were scheduled for January 6th and 7th at Amsterdam. On the first day the opening race was at half a mile, and again Donoghue won, in 1 minute, 25 seconds. The other race was at two miles, and the unbeaten American covered the distance in 6 minutes, 10⅘ seconds, winning easily. The second day's racing was at one mile and five miles. In the first Donoghue won in 3 minutes and ⅘ of a second, and in the second in 16 minutes, 2½ seconds. He becomes possessor of the cup for the world's championship by reason of his four victories.

Joseph Donoghue's record-breaking in America was done in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on December 20, 1889, and on Orange Lake, March 8, 1890. In the latter place he made new records for all distances, on a third of a mile track, up to five miles; and in Minneapolis for distances from one to five miles on a 234⅔ yards' track. The record of 6 minutes, 10⅘ seconds for two miles, made January 6, 1891, in Holland, is the best ever made for the distance on any kind of a track in the world. CHARLES P. SAWYER.

THE TROUBLE IN CONNECTICUT.

MR. LUZON B. MORRIS, of New Haven, whose portrait is given elsewhere in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, received a plurality of the votes cast for Governor in the Connecticut State election last November. Whether he received a clear majority of those votes or not is a disputed point. On the face of the returns he did; and the Senate, having a Democratic majority, has declared him duly elected. The House, however, has refused to concur, and has committed the returns to a committee to canvass. As the law requires that the successful candidate must be declared elected by the General Assembly, the consent of the House is necessary to the formal completion of the proceedings. Pending the settlement of the matter Governor Bulkeley is holding over.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.

THE State election in New Hampshire last November was one of the closest ever known. As canvassed by the legislative committee appointed for that purpose the vote was 86,240, of which Hiram A. Tuttle, Republican, received 42,479; Charles H. Amsden, Democrat, 42,386; Josiah M. Fletcher, Prohibitionist, 1383; and scattering, 13. As the New Hampshire law, like that of Connecticut, requires a clear majority to elect, there was no choice, and the election fell to the Legislature.

But the difficulty was only begun after the votes had been counted. The laws concerning representatives in the Legislature of New Hampshire are curious and complicated. They provided for the election of a number of representatives additional to those in the last House from certain towns, "if entitled thereto by the last preceding census." The census of 1890 showed some towns to be so entitled on its face, and elections were held there. Without counting these "if entitled" members, the Legislature was a tie on joint ballot.

It became a matter of absorbing interest as to how the roll should be made up. Republicans contended it should be made up by the clerk. The Democrats sought to restrain the clerk by an injunction from the Supreme Court. The Court, in an unanimous decision, concurred in by four Republican and two Democratic judges, declined to issue any injunction, on the ground that it had no jurisdiction in the case. The roll was accordingly made up by the clerk, and on the final ballot the vote stood: Tuttle, 185; Amsden, 150; and Mr. Tuttle was declared elected.

During the whole of the proceedings, although the most bitter partisanship has been displayed, there has been no disposition to use personal violence, and members of the defeated party were as quiet and orderly during the inauguration proceedings as their adversaries.

Mr. Tuttle is about fifty-five years old, and has not heretofore been especially prominent in politics. In person he is small and rather slight. One of the principal features of his message was an endorsement of ballot reform.

SERGIUS STEPNIAK.

THIS is a life apart, differing from ordinary existences, and one difficult to explain. The world is prone to eulogize a cause and hold in lesser repute the instruments, and then there are estimations made in precisely a reversed order. Revolutionists, rebels, conspirators, are blended in a common language, and the finer shadings escape us. The broadest assertions of human rights, such as freedom of thought, the worshipping of God as one wills, the security of one's person or goods within certain limited legal restrictions, the insuring of the greatest amount of happiness to the largest number, have the strongest philosophical bases, and for these, as Americans, we are willing to fight and to die.

The period of preparation through which a race or a people must pass before fitted to enjoy the many benefits of freedom may be long, hampered as they might be with difficulties; but there must be a beginning, otherwise there would be retrogression. Our sympathies are due, then, to those who struggle for human rights indifferent to obstacles which are apparently insurmountable. And of those who have for years asserted their rights, who have faced death in a thousand ways, battling against the most colossal of European autocratic states, stands Sergius Stepniak.

Apart from all questions of right or wrong, or of expediency, as far as relates to the cause to which Stepniak has devoted his life, the personal equation of the man has much which is remarkable. He has given us, in his *Career of a Nihilist*, of 1889, the peculiar traits of those men who have thrown down their challenge to the Tzar. Human bravery has its heroic side, and Stepniak has shown indifference to life a thousand times, but in a manner which is special. The courage of the fanatic Moslem in the Soudan who flings himself on the English bayonets is one phase of human valor, and men may win through just such fearlessness. There is another sort of human intrepidity which we call gallantry. The soldier who in the midst of the fight sees a comrade beset by foes and rushes to his aid, or if a comrade be hurt, at the peril of his own life lifts him on his shoulders and carries him off the field, and then resumes the fight again, shows too a peculiar valiantness which the world applauds. Sergius Stepniak, though modest to a degree, is known among his fellow-revolutionists to have planned out many a method of escape for a condemned prisoner, and by his own personal prowess and sheer daring effected rescues. What great dash, what self-control, it must have taken to try at least in a crowded Russian city to get to a man whose fate was sealed! Stepniak, who drove a sledge alongside, would have done his best to pluck the condemned man right out of the grip of the armed soldiers, so as to put him in his own sledge, and so driven him off. This effort, as the political prisoner Volkhovsky tell us, failed, but not from any fault of Sergius Stepniak. If on this occasion an unforeseen accident prevented the accomplishment of the escape, nevertheless the cool daring of Stepniak remains as salient as ever. Many a man and woman who live to-day outside of Russia are of this world now because of the strong hand and courage of this Nihilist. He does not tell of it, but it is those snapped up almost at the last moment out of the jaws of death who speak of the things Stepniak has done in their behalf.

Stepniak is now in the United States on a lecture tour. Stepniak is an assumed name, for as an "illegal person" this man lost his family appellation many a year ago. He is thirty-nine years old, and was born in southern Russia, and is the son of a noble. He was thoroughly educated, and entered into the Russian military service in the artillery. In appearance he is a man not quite six feet in height, but his solid build and massive form, with breadth of shoulders and large, well-shaped head, would make him appear not so tall as he really is. His type of face is distinctly Russian, his forehead of great width, and his eyes intensely black. It is a face showing will and control of power. One might speculate long on the ways of Stepniak, and wonder how with such a marked face he was so long capable of escaping detection by means of disguises, for to change his appearance one might fancy required marked mobility of expression.

Stepniak speaks English, French, and Italian perfectly. In conversation in English he never seems at loss for the exact word, though he has retained somewhat of a foreign accent. His voice is singularly sweet and well modulated, and his manner, never slow, is rather impassive. Thoroughly logical in describing the condition of his country, the efforts made to establish some semblance of liberty in Russia, he is not impassioned. Every argument is quietly, calmly presented. The enthusiasm in the man he keeps latent, as he may have done the physical strength he possesses.

As Stepniak's life in Russia would have been snuffed out in a second if he had been caught there, after his escape he lived for a short time in Paris, and thence went to London, where he has been established for the last five years. During this period the work of his life, the emancipation of Russia, has not for a second been out of his mind. In default of the other or more aggressive methods of asserting human rights, the propaganda, the appeal to public opinion in England and elsewhere, has occupied Sergius Stepniak's attention. Associated with the leading organ in English journalism, he has unceasingly advocated the rights of the oppressed in his own country. It is not the peculiar faith of a single people, the Jews, who are now being ground underfoot in Russia, that he has pleaded for so strenuously, but for those who worship their God as Catholics or Protestants, irrespective of creed, race, or sect.

In a literary sense, the books Sergius Stepniak has written are remarkable. His first was *Russia under the Tzars*, then followed *The Russian Storm Cloud*, after that *The Russian Peasantry: their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion* (1888), and lastly, in 1889, a novel with the title *The Career of a Nihilist*, and this work has met with merited success in the United States. In his *Russia under the Tzars* the subject of the woes of Russia is treated at times under the guise of fiction, while *The Russian Storm Cloud* gives the conditions of his country in a close and logical manner. In *The Russian Storm Cloud* may be read the status of Nihilism past and present in Russia, and the many terrible phases the party that is fighting to the death has passed through. What is an administrative exile? It is "a horrible slow decay, an undermining of the whole moral and physical constitution of a man, a consumption by slow fire." It means death in the drear Yakut land, with its horrible frozen deserts, where the winter is ten months long, and the temperature 40° and 50° below zero,

just as Chief Engineer Melville has described it.

What becomes of a man suspected by the police in Russia? Arrest is inevitable, and to be suspected is to be doomed. The order of human justice there is reversed. Better, say the police, send ninety-nine innocent men to rot in prisons or perish in Siberia than to allow one recalcitrant to escape. "Having the revolutionary faith, is it not better to fly?" Those who stay for their faith become outlaws, and this class of self-inspired outlaws is numerous, always being recruited because the government forces men into this sinister condition. In 1873 what is known as the "illegal man" was created. It is a mysterious republic formed of volunteer outlaws, and it grows, augmented by suspicion. In constant war with the government, it holds kindly relationship with the world outside. In Russia the illegal man knows that his days are counted, and Stepniak writes that it has been calculated that "the average duration of an illegal man's life is two years." This man changes his name, his looks, in order to live on for another day or week or month. In *The Career of a Nihilist*, where the presentation of hard facts may fail, the same things, told with a romantic coloring, sometimes make a stronger appeal. The characters are life studies. They never could have been imagined. Stepniak says they were not. It is the story of the terrible fight, waged Indian-like, between the few and the many. Andrey and Tania, as man and wife who love one another, represent the supreme sacrifice they make of their lives to the cause of freedom. Stepniak, with high art, brings into prominence the many strange, sometimes grotesque elements that go to make up the party of the Nihilists. There may be madness in it, but stung by the woes of the country, forbidden even to think for itself, human nature revolts, and hurled against overwhelming odds, attempts to accomplish what seems impossible. Stepniak shows in this volume the will, the determination of the party, for all he says of Tania, who sees her husband die, is: "Her fit of despair will pass, not to-day and not to-morrow, but in time, and will leave her another woman. She would not have been so crushed had she to pass through the same trial a few years later. But it was her fate to begin at once with the hardest."

Try, always try, is the cry of Stepniak. "Let death come to me or to you; what matters it? We may leave behind us some who, forgetting our names, will remember that we battled for the right. You may kill the man, or flog the woman to death, expose her naked, and crush her dead through very shame, but the cause of humanity neither the Tzar present nor those to come ever can extinguish."

THE SITE OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

In an undertaking so vast, complicated, and most difficult as the Columbian Exposition, no one could be expected to see at once the grand fundamental conditions of success, and place the different elements of success in due relation and subordination one to another. It was a necessary result of the manner in which the Commission and the Directory were composed that at first the most conflicting notions of what should be aimed at, and of the proper methods of proceeding, should exist, and that such preliminary discussion as was absolutely essential to a good start should have the appearance of a prolonged, useless, and wasteful wrangle. Considering what diametrically opposite opinions were held by different men of weight, it is wonderful to what extent frank debate has been effective in overcoming difficulties and securing co-operation in a broad policy.

A great deal remains to be discussed, wide differences still appear, but there has been great progress, and out of all the discussion the fact appears unquestionable that the enterprise is one of great popular interest, especially in all the West, and that this interest of the West will give it some very distinctive qualities. It is evident that the pride of the people of Chicago is strongly interested to make the affair creditable to the city, and their action for the purpose will be liberal and hospitable. Wise, able, and energetic men are already secured and at work in various departments, and progress is being made continually and thoughtfully.

After the official board having charge of the World's Fair had been organized, an early proceeding was to appoint a local directory, composed of John W. Root, consulting architect; D. H. Burnham, chief of construction; F. L. Olmsted & Co., consulting landscape architects; and A. Gottlieb, consulting engineer. After an exhaustive examination, a site for the Exposition, which had been offered on the north of the city, was found to be, from the point of view of the landscape architects, the finest, an almost ideal one, in fact; but it was deemed unavailable, on account of the difficulties of transportation to it from the city.

The place for the site was recently determined in the selection of Jackson Park, their second choice. It is principally swampy ground, requiring, as has the site of the city generally, to be filled over to a depth of three or four feet to establish a dry footing above the lake. The more elevated parts are low sand dunes covered with scrubby oak. Its advantages are the display of the lake which it offers—this being thought to more than compensate for the lack of landscape charm within itself—and its convenience of access by rail and other means of transportation. Jackson Park, which belongs to the South Park system, is a tract extending along Lake Michigan, about a mile and a half north and south, with a maximum width of 5000 feet. Only about 84 acres of it have been improved. Leading from the lake, a system of lagoon and interior lake construction, begun by the South Park Commissioners, is, in the northern part, already completed. For the carriage approaches to the Exposition grounds, Washington Park forms a pleasing vestibule, and on the north Vincennes Avenue provides a finished and accessible approach.

Railroads of all kinds are to be brought to the west line of Jackson Park, and will land their passengers at the large and convenient station within its enclosure, where transfer to such intra-mural roads as will carry passengers about through the Exposition will be easy. Its situation directly upon the lake, with available landing facilities, furnishes the opportunity for good steam-boat service, which will be of great value, especially to the large number of visitors from the interior, who have never seen great bodies of water nor had experience of sailing upon them. For magnificence of approach Jackson Park offers large advantages, because of the great freedom it permits in the grouping of structures and in the disposition of accessories, by which grandeur will be gained for a general effect, and in offering possibilities for suitable open space before reaching the Fair buildings. In the scheme of the Exposition Washington Park furnishes a natural overflow ground for quiet rest and recreation.

The lowness of the ground of Jackson Park necessitates considerable filling, derived largely from dredging, but the major part of such dredging and filling is directly in the line of work determined upon by the South Park Commissioners, who have agreed to reimburse the World's Fair for such work to the amount of $500,000. The proximity of this pleasure-ground to the lake affords facility of drainage, reducing the cost of the laying of sewer and water pipes to a minimum. The adjacency of the site to Lake Michigan not only adds to its attractions the rare beauty of this great sheet of water, but also admits of such festive arrangement of Venice-like lagoons as may be supplied from the lake, imparting to the whole Fair grouped about them double enchantment.

The main group of buildings will be placed at Jackson Park, and only a building for the fine arts—a permanent structure—will be situated on the lake front. The two leading features of the designed grouping of buildings are the long stretch of shore and the great court, about which the principal structures are to be placed. This court is the centre of the whole Fair, and it will be the first view that visitors in general will get on entering, for here it is intended that all railroads shall be brought; and the distance from the city is such that the general travel to the Exposition will be largely by rail. Hence the position of this important building is a sort of portal, or entrance, from which no one can fail to get on entering the Fair the grand "coup." On three sides of this court are placed the more important buildings, and the fourth is open to the lake. The pier, which, it is felt, will be a popular feature, will stretch out into the lake from the open end of this court, and will greatly extend the apparent size and length, and give a more imposing aspect to the whole structural appearance of the Exposition.

The question of who is to design the buildings is not yet determined, but it is the intention of the Commission to invite a number of the best architects in the whole country to design the main group of edifices—either singly or collectively; but, at all events, in consultation. The sketch from which Mr. Charles Graham made the drawing of the Exposition's main structures, which appears on another page, is merely suggestive of what is to be done.

It is intended to use the entire park for the purposes of the Fair, leaving those parts which have already been improved as much as possible in their present condition. The unimproved part is to be laid out in the manner appropriate to the whole plan of building, and at the same time follow, as far as is consistent with the purposes of the Exposition, the lines already laid down by the Park Commissioners. In general the present northern inlet is to be extended, and to become an interior lagoon that shall enclose the island now covered with an extensive body of scrubby oak. It is an essential point of the general design that this waterscape shall be preserved, and made the basis of a passage of natural landscape to supply an episode of scenery in refreshing relief to the grandeur of the buildings, and, through its sylvan qualities, to the crowded and busy aspect that must be looked for almost everywhere else within the grounds.

From the lagoon a canal will continue the waterway system southward along the main building, and into the large basin which is to form the centre of the great court about which the principal buildings of the Exposition will be grouped. At the expense of their own funds the South Park Commissioners will pave the beach along the entire shore of the lake.

The public passenger railways, whether steam, cable, electric, or horse—all of which are to enter the park at the southwest corner—will deliver passengers inside the Administration Building. From this place an electric elevated road will pass out through the grounds, entering buildings where deemed advisable, and having convenient stations wherever necessary. It will re-enter the Administration Building by another route, thus forming a complete circuit, and making it easy to go from one place to another without walking. Visitors once in the Fair will come out of the Administration Station upon the great square, where all the spaces are very broad, affording ample ground for the gathering and dispersing of large crowds. Wheeled chairs are to be always kept in attendance here. The buildings will be impressive in appearance when viewed from this court. A grand open arcade will enclose this space, except toward the lake, and will connect the buildings together, so that visitors may be sheltered in going from place to place in any weather. The pier, which is to be situated opposite the great open court, will project into the lake about 1500 feet, and is to be so constructed as to form a harbor for the landing of lake craft and for their safety.

On the north the Horticultural Exhibition Buildings are to be placed upon the open meadow. The edifice will be largely of iron and glass, and furnished with a plant for purposes of heating and ventilating. The Agricultural and the Live-stock exhibits are to be placed in the southwestern portion of the park, where the land is comparatively high and well protected. It is the intention of the designers to make these departments interesting in plan and appearance by all the arts at their command.

The United States government will furnish its own building and exhibits; among the latter will be a line of battle ship fully equipped. The large open campus will be left near this point for government use and display. Across the inlet from the government exhibit will be the buildings of the Fisheries. A structure here as beautiful as possible in appearance will be erected of durable material, and fitted with every arrangement and detail, to serve as an aquarium. The Administration Building will be a general head-quarters, where nearly all visitors will arrive and depart; where all the great force of employés will report and receive their orders; and where all the various bureaus of police, fire, transportation, public comfort, information, expenditure and accounts, and other similar purposes will be found. It is to be the most important in architectural appearance, and, of necessity, well constructed and fire-proof.

The group of buildings comprising the Administration, the Machinery, the Manufactures, the Mining, and the Electric departments are to form a whole in design. They are intended as a mass to be impressive, as a plan most convenient, and as structures to be very substantial. The materials entering into their composition will be largely iron and masonry of different stone, though free use will be made of terra-cotta, wood, and other materials. The lighting of the Exposition will be by electricity, which also will supply much of the power, and electric displays are to be made at the fountains and waterways, and possibly under the outer lake itself.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Frederic Remington has made a distinct impression upon the world of art, and to a less yet marked extent upon the field of letters, within five years. Young as his reputation is, the youth of the man himself seems more surprising. It is less than thirty years ago that he was born a country boy in St. Lawrence County, in the northern part of this State. His father, the late Pierre Remington, editor of the Ogdensburg *Journal*, was a man of marked individuality, and of such force of character as to become a leader in the councils of the Republican party in that portion of the State. The Remingtons are of deep-rooted American stock, and the ardor that the artist has exhibited in rushing into the fighting on the plains is not to be wondered at, since his ancestors have responded to every call to arms upon this soil, and fought against the French and Indians, against the British in '76 and 1812, and in the war for the defence of the Union.

Frederic Remington dwarfs the average man in height and width and weight. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, stout, and muscular man, with a warm, blond, English complexion and light hair. His frank, good-humored face is usually smooth-shaven, though at times it has exhibited an unobtrusive light mustache. He betrays physical vigor in every movement, and yet seems unconscious of it. His spirit is that which his frame suggests—bold, firm, fearless, and yet gentle. The only contradiction between his character and his appearance lies in the fact that he looks restful and content, whereas he is quick, nervous, incessantly industrious, and ambitious far beyond his present realization. He got an iron constitution at birth, and then heaped rugged health upon it by indulging the fondness for out-door life which clings to him to-day. A gun and a boat were his most prized companions as a boy, and when he dropped them to enter Yale College, he took as heartily to athletics as to his studies.

From college he went to the far West and established a sheep ranch. To that fact the public owes the pleasure and profit it has gotten from most of his drawings and paintings, and to that fact history will find itself even more indebted to him. The building up of the West, or rather the preparation for its settlement, formed an era that is past; but as the scenes have been pushed aside they have left him upon the stage, with an enthusiastic memory filled like a storehouse with accurate notes of the scenes and characters of the drama that has been played. The cow-boy, the Mexican, the miner, the hunter, the Indian, and the soldier are all characters with whom he has had close dealings in his time, and, though whatever was picturesque about them struck him most forcibly, it is his peculiarity that he also studied them as men and factors in the revolution around them, and he can write about them—just as he can draw them—so as to command interest and attention. It is also his peculiarity that he is careful and trustworthy in his work. He draws only what he knows, and his knowledge can be relied on, even to small details.

Mr. Remington has often exhibited the instinct of a journalist in his relations with the Weekly and the Magazine, but never more markedly than with respect to the border warfare that drew him, as with ropes of steel, to the front of the fighting. At the first public notice of the strange aberration of the Indians concerning their "Messiah," he dropped important work, which he had meant should hold him to his studio through the winter, and appeared in Franklin Square on one afternoon with the announcement that he meant to start for the far West that night. The tension between the army and the Indians relaxed, and he came back to his work. Though the people generally believed there would be no bloodshed, he was of the opinion that the Indians would force at least some fighting, and, quite as suddenly as before, he reappeared in the city from his country home on his way to the front once more. His judgment took him to the scene of the fighting just as it began.

A remarkable incident while on the frontier was his meeting with a party of hostile Sioux, followed by escape, without even suffering the loss of his sketch-book. Remington has had adventures of a sort and in such numbers as to have made his career almost romantic, but as he never refers to them except in rough outline to his most intimate friends, delicacy forbids the exploiting of them here. Yet I cannot resist burning one flash light upon a previous trip of his in the Indian country. It was in the Southwest among the Apaches—his first professional undertaking, if I am not mistaken. The remorseless and ultra-savage Apaches were on the war-path, as usual, and he and a companion were riding through their country. Fatigue and hunger compelled a halt, and the two men dismounted, and sat down to eat and rest. No Indians had been seen, and the habitual caution of the riders was so much relaxed that Remington's companion fell asleep. The artist felt the same impulse, and closed his eyes for a part of a second—just long enough to shut them and open them again, as we all do when we are very drowsy, yet are not planning to sleep. Between the closing and reopening of his eyes two Apaches slipped softly up to the white men and sat down. Mr. Remington opened his eyes full upon them. When he was captured the other day in Dakota, it was as nothing compared to this adventure, for never was man more startled. He dared not show his alarm, so he raised his arms and made believe yawn, and at the same time, as if unconscious of the movement, he straightened out his legs, so that one foot awakened his white companion.

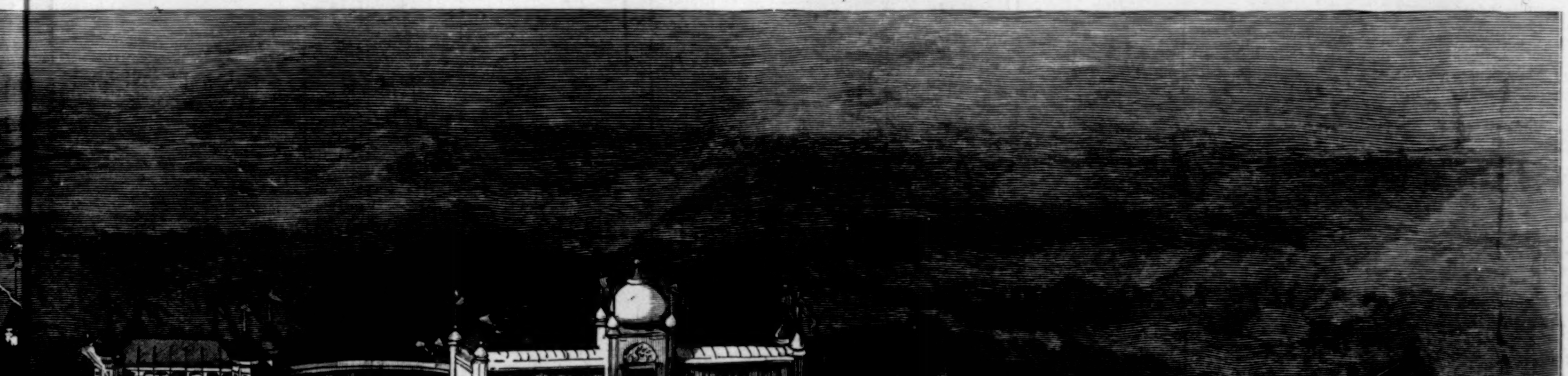
Then to the Indians he said, "What do you want?"

"Good Injun," said one of the rascals. "Heap hungry."

It was true. They were not of the branch of the tribe that was at war, and they were both friendly and hungry. Remington admires the Indian at all times, and we may be sure these two were transported to the realms of Indian delight—which is to say, they were well fed.

Mr. Remington's pretty house and roomy grounds at New Rochelle bear the name "Endion," an Algonquin word, meaning "the place where I live," a term as near the word home as the Indian vocabulary contains. There, with his family, his horses and dogs, and a charming circle of friends, he works, shut out from the confusion and roar of the city. The trophies of his many visits and errands to the West hang all about the walls and litter the floors delightfully. Axes, clubs, saddles, spears, bows and arrows, shields, queer water-tight baskets, quaint rude rugs, chaparrajos, moccasins, head-dresses, miniature canoes, gorgeous examples of bead-work, lariats, and a hundred other sorts of curios from the desert and the wilderness complete a collection that has been a mine of profit and a well-spring of pleasure to him. His library has an unlooked-for bulk, and emphasizes, in the study of the man, that literary inclination which is one of his peculiarities. A man's books often tell more of him than his works, and so it is with Remington's library. The temptation to betray what they reveal is very strong, but it is enough to say that, though the present demand upon his pencil is mainly for Western scenes, he has other subjects at heart. His quiver is as full as ever warrior wore. His arrows are of many kinds. He must live long and work fast to leave himself empty-handed.

PROPOSED PLANS AND SITES FOR THE CHICAGO COLUMBIA



BIAN EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 43.]

A BALDPATE.

BY M. G. McCLELLAND.

I WAS just turned three-and-twenty when I quitted the university, having graduated first of my year, been "math" medallist, society orator, writer of the prize essay, and general recipient of compliments which ranged from the gratulatory periods of the faculty big-wigs, down, in interesting gradation, to the personal comment of Tony Jinkins, the woolly headed descendant of Ham who usually conducted his boot-blacking business in one corner of the university campus.

"Golly!" this individual exclaimed, as I, with a squad of college fellows, stopped beside his kit for the customary "shine" the morning after Commencement, "folks jus' talkin' 'bout you dis mornin', Mr. Bar'in'ton. Say you's de bigges' man in dis here town, an' got er right to spread yerse'f ef you want to, same as er spread-head moccasin. Say you de smartes' colt ever been set 'pon dis here cou'se, to plumb de track like you done. I tell 'em I know'd it all de time. Want er extry shine now, I reckon."

He grinned up in my face, and scrubbed away at my boot delightedly. Between Tony and myself existed a *camaraderie* which extended through my entire university career. We had differences of opinion on the propriety of blacking shoestrings, and on minor professional points; but, on the whole, our intercourse had been harmonious and (to him) profitable. I had no sort of objection to Tony's taking pride in my successes. On the contrary, I testified my gratification in his interest by a present of coin, which occasioned the volatile gamin to stand on his head, with his brush and other insignia of office neatly balanced on his upturned heels. When he had righted himself, he gravely wished me "a long life, a pretty wife, an' de bigges' mustache in de country."

"Tony's a diplomat," remarked a by-stander. "I notice his good wishes always stop short at Barrington's upper lip."

"He sees possibilities there which don't extend further," remarked another.

"He longs to climb, but fears to fall," quoted a third. "Barrington objects to popular notice mounting too high. His crown is sacred."

"One might wish it less apparent and no harm done."

"What for? Barrington's going to summer in the Indian reservation."

"Is that so? Then a scalp-lock would be worse than useless—a mere giving misfortune a hold on a fellow."

"Oh, Barrington can bare his brow most fearlessly to fate. He's no curled darling of destiny."

This and similar chaff flew backward and forward among the little knot of fellows: very dull, I thought it, although I threw it back at them light-heartedly enough.

My baldness was too old a story to grow sensitive over. I was used to it; had been born, nurtured, and brought up to man's estate with it. I say baldness advisedly, having a regard for the amenities; but it was more, a great deal more; it was nudity—unmitigated, unequivocal nakedness from nape to crown. An eagle of the Andes, an hour-old infant, the highest peak of the Himalayas, could not be more destitute of covering than was my luckless pate. The old base-ball joke anent a budding mustache would have been flat fatuity as applied to my crown—"nine on one side, and nine on the other." Why, that was rank luxuriance as compared to my cranial destitution. Had my soul's salvation depended upon the showing up of eighteen hairs, it must simply have slipped off into the abyss, for they were not there to show, and never had been, and in all probability never would be. Bald-headed I had come, and bald-headed I staid, and the only thing in art or nature to which my cranium could be felicitously compared is an egg which has been set on or a billiard ball which has grown slippery with use.

The cause of this *lusus naturæ* remains hidden in the matrix of the unexplainable, from whence even diligent effort has failed to dislodge it. That which I have always had to confront, or, more accurately, to confront other people with, is the fact in its nakedness.

The gravity of the situation did not at first impress itself upon my family. I was the youngest of six children, every one of whom had come into the world as baldpated as I. My mother belonged to the generation which capped infants, so that for the first months of my existence hair would have been a superfluity. During my dormouse period my head was, I suppose, subjected to the usual treatment of soap and water, wash-whiskey, friction, and caps. At least my poor mother invariably affirmed, even with tears, that the course pursued with my cranium had differed in no wise from the course pursued with the heads of my brothers and sisters, all of whom, in the natural manner and period, had decently thatched themselves. Indeed my mother has always maintained that she never did, and she never *would*, understand my own departure from precedent. Nor do I see why she should. To her there must have appeared something downright malignant, not to say necromantic and diabolical, in it.

In my fledgling days she tried hard enough, poor woman, to remedy the defect of nature. When, in my second year, the alarm was first sounded by an outspoken relative's demanding "why, in the name of wonder, that child's hair didn't grow," my mother, with more thought of effects than of cause, buckled to in earnest, and my unlucky skull was put through treatment sufficiently extended and various to have started growth on a cannon-ball.

First, my old mammy led off with a prescription. She had "allus hearn tell dat pine tar was powerful stimilatin' to de ha'r," and "'lowed dat a tar cap mout holp some." Straightway my mother had all the negroes, with axes and teams, turned into the woods to haul up pine knots and start a tar kiln for me. For weeks and months I was tarred as copiously as a law-breaker in a backwoods settlement, and went around smelling like a distempered sheep or the incarnate spirit of a pine-barren. I wore a little skull-cap made of black silk, because of a legend that that material was conducive to hairiness, which used to be periodically larded on the inside with pitch, and clapped on warm, and fastened under my chin with ribbons. There it would stay until the next day of anointing, when I would have to be held to the fire and partially melted, because the thing was the deuce and all to get off.

How long this treatment was continued I don't remember, if, indeed, I ever heard; but it failed of its object, my capillary poverty being as great at the end as it had been at the beginning. I was thoroughly disinfected, however, and when measles and whooping-cough fell upon my brethren, and smote them hip and thigh, they had naught to accomplish with a lightwood knot like me.

After the tar failure, grape-vine sap had its day, that fluid having been recommended with enthusiasm by an old mountaineer, who came out of the backwoods somewhere to sell chickens and butter, and to borrow a cider-mill, and a team to haul his crop in, and a spool of thread and darning-needle for his wife, and medicine for a sick hog, and sundry other trifles of like nature. This gaffer was eloquent on the subject of grape-vine sap, recounting many marvellous instances of its efficacy, until my mother, in fancy, beheld me an Esau, and could hardly wait for the proper season to have all the wild grapevines in the neighborhood tapped, and supplied with cymling gourds to catch the waters which were to cover me. With this sticky, pellucid fluid my scalp was fervently soaked and swabbed, but never a tendril or curl rewarded the swabber, although my mother wrought for them diligently, and spared neither herself nor me.

The forest having failed her, she took to the fields, and for many moons sage and balm teas and decoctions of roots and bark were boiled and brewed, and ointments and unguents were concocted out of herbs and simples stewed up in oils obtained from beasts of the field and fowls of the air. Every old granny, white and black, within a radius of miles had a crack at my skull, and what would have been the final outcome of it all it is impossible to say. Fortunately, before my brain was softened—in my sixth year, I think—the war broke out, and the maternal energy for a time was subdivided.

When I was between eleven and twelve my cranial troubles recommenced. My father took me to the city, and had my scalp examined and all but analyzed by regular physicians and tonsorial specialists. The barbers qualified and withheld definite opinions, all admitting that mine was an unusual case, and each offering, more, urging his own particular tonic or nostrum as my ultimate hope. The doctors were more frank, and unequivocally declared that the reason hair didn't grow was because there were no capillary possibilities in my scalp. Hair could no more grow without roots than trees could, and my poll was as inhospitable to the production of one as a granite bowlder would be to the growth of the other. This dictum, possibly because of its objectionable verity, put my mother in a great rage, which she could only appease by fluent dissertations on the decline and fall of medicine and manners.

But the coping stone to misery—as far as I was concerned—was put by some Northern relatives, who visited us in peace and amity a couple of years after the war. These good people had a regard for appearances which, as compared to the Southern attitude, was like unto the refinements of Rome set against the savagery of the Goths. They came, beheld the nakedness of my pate, and, *ad honores*, proposed that I should be invested with a wig. My mother demurred at first, having the fear of my opposition before her eyes; but she finally suffered herself to be seduced by maternal vanity into compliance with the scheme, my wily kinswomen declaring that I needed only hair to be the handsomest of all the Barrington brood, who were, in the eyes of their parents, quite the comeliest set of youngsters in the commonwealth.

A wig was bought—two of them, in event of accidents—curly blond confections, selected with reference to the color of my eyes, which are blue, and warranted to give nature two in the game and beat her out of sight in point of durability and finish. And, in the popular estimation, so marvellous was the improvement wrought in my appearance by this glorious addition, that wigs were voted a success, and the care of them was impressed upon me under penalties of the sternest.

My mother had her doubts of me, and well she might have. With all the strength of a deep and impassioned nature, I hated those initial wigs and their successors, of which there were six in the eighteen months following their introduction into my wardrobe—two curly ones, two straight ones, and two a sort of compromise between curly and straight. Keeping a restless, active, harum-scarum male animal in hats is bad enough, but keeping him in hair is worse, and the combination of the two is simply ruinous. Let him who doubts try the experiment.

It was marvellous the casualties to which my wigs were subject, every one of which I might have averted had I been so minded. But to me they were pestiferous, omnipresent, all-pervasive kill-joys, and when bad accidents happened to them I rejoiced with an exceeding great gladness. Twice, when climbing for birds' nests, hatless and much excited, an obtrusive branch plucked the wig from my head, and held it aloft, dancing in the breezes and bowing in grotesque semblance of humanity, and instead of reclaiming it in the legitimate way, my brothers and I rocked it from below, with hoots and derisive laughter. Another time I forgot to remove the wig with the rest of my apparel when I went in swimming, and diving down for a cent, which one of the other boys threw in and vowed I couldn't find, the abominable thing came unfastened, and sailed tranquilly away down stream. Having recovered the coin, I bobbed up, and swam after my wig; but it had soaked up considerable water by that time, and just before I reached it, it settled to the bottom. What became of the following pair I forget, but the last one, I remember, was dropped in the pasture, and the calves ate it.

At this rate, my mother foresaw the poorhouse as a possibility of our future, and so decided to accept my baldness as a calamity beyond repair, and to reconcile herself thereto. For myself, I took the matter light-heartedly enough, even in my college and university days, when a fellow is supposed to be particularly thin-skinned. Nature had, however, worked out the law of compensation in my case by giving me a sound digestion, a nimble wit, sufficient common-sense to be able to give and take a joke, and a sturdy fist wherewith to pommel a joker should he push jocularity to an extreme.

My university honors put the family in such high feather that it was decided to give me latitude for a bit of fun before I should have to buckle up to hard work. My eldest brother was already well established as a civil engineer, and after a bit of holiday I was to take a place in the corps under him.

My programme was about the regulation thing—a visit to the Northern cities, Niagara and the lakes, a peep at Canada, and a trip down the St. Lawrence. I had determined to do the Hudson also, and probably put in a bit of time in the Adirondacks. Altogether, I had mapped out for myself an enjoyable summer.

All went as merrily as a marriage bell, barring a few days of rain, which, however, did not materially interfere with sight-seeing. I sailed up the Hudson in a succession of historic and patriotic thrills, stopping over a day at West Point, where I did my duty by my State, country, and education in the matter of retrospect and comparison.

In the afternoon of a muggy, seething sort of a day I left Albany for Buffalo, in which place I proposed to stop for a few days with an old college chum newly settled there. For obvious reasons it seemed unnecessary to take a sleeper, so I ensconced myself and my hand traps in an ordinary accommodation car, and proceeded to make myself comfortable. My hat I deposited in the rack above me, and supplied its place with an embroidered smoking cap constructed for me by one of my sisters with, as I told her, a special view to the concealment of my deficiencies. It was of dark blue velvet, lined with silk, and touched up here and there in the blue embroidery with silver. Pretty it was, and tasteful; it was also accounted becoming, for, strange to say, in contrast to paucity of hair in other quarters, my eyebrows and lashes are particularly well developed, the latter unusually thick and long, with curled up ends, like a maiden's. Of my mustache likewise no complaint can be made; it being abundant, silky, and golden brown in color, of the shade which some painters affect in the hair of their women.

My arrangements were made while the car was filling, so that my denuded cranium attracted no attention. People were too busy securing seats and establishing themselves therein to stare at their neighbors. Not that I thought about the matter one way or the other at the time. My head was as accustomed to stares, smiles, and *sotto voce* comments as a circus trick-mule. I simply state the fact in connection with that which followed.

The other occupants of the car were the usual rank and file of the travelling populace—a heterogeneous mass of men, women, children, and hand baggage. The one exception which deserves special mention sat in front of me, and had shapely shoulders, clad in homespun, and a comely nape to her neck. All the rest of her, as to head and face, was hidden by folds of gray tissue which enveloped her, bonnet and all. I doubt if the shoulders, despite their shapeliness, would have made any permanent impression but for their immovability. The woman sat with her head against the window-frame, and for two solid hours I don't believe she stirred an eyelash or moved a finger. Her stillness fascinated, oppressed, and finally appalled me. Because she did not move, I could not keep still. I wriggled and twisted like an impatient child held in durance. I opened and shut the window noisily, and had half a mind to jostle the back of her seat, being only deterred therefrom by consciousness that such a proceeding would be an unjustifiable impertinence. After all, the woman had as much right to keep still as I had to fidget. Finally I subsided into quiescence, and took out my watch and timed her. If she should continue motionless for another half-hour, the presumption would be that she was paralyzed or dead, and the case might be investigated.

The night was starlit, with a three-quarter moon, but the light inside the car deepened the other into obscurity. It was still and warm, so that most of the windows were open. We were going pretty well, and had left a station twenty minutes behind us, when the train began to slow up, and finally stopped in the middle of an open, with not a building or even a water-tank in sight. The lady in front of me, to my relief, raised herself and thrust her head out of the window, and all the rest of us followed suit. There was apparently no cause for the detention, although, in the absence of the train noise, the ripple and wash of a river was quite perceptible. Questions flew about, which nobody answered, and the impression that something was wrong grew apace. The masculine element, with one accord, uplifted itself and made for the door.

The trouble was a wreck in front of us. A freight train had been partially derailed, and the track badly torn up for a hundred yards or so ahead of us. Some of the cars lay, trucks uppermost, at the foot of an embankment, and of those which remained on the track two were telescoped, and one was spitted through and through by an upturned rail. Nor was this all; a material train, which had been just behind the freight, had run into the wreck and derailed its engine, so that there was no possibility of its backing. It was a long train, composed mostly of flats loaded with earth, and half of it was still on the bridge across the little river when the accident to its engine occurred. The track was not only torn up, but blockaded. Fortunately there were no killed, and the wounded had been looked after before our arrival on the scene. The nearest telegraph station was at a small junction a mile and a half away, so the conductor of the wrecked train had set watches in both directions to signal, while a messenger was sent to the junction to get off the requisite telegrams.

There was nothing for us to do but pull back to the last station and side-track for orders, and everybody felt too comfortable over our escape from accident to growl much about a few hours' delay. I walked back to our own train beside the conductor. He had inspected the wreck and made his own plans by the time almost that the passengers had joined him. He was a tall man, with a quiet, capable manner, and his intonations struck on my ear with marvellous familiarity. He seemed tremendously bothered about something.

"My train is all right," he remarked, "and as for the delay, my passengers will have to put up with it. These fellows here have telegraphed ahead, so there will be a train sent from the other end to transfer them by morning. What bothers me is a woman I've got aboard. She's something special—a director's daughter—and she's been wired for to a sick or dying mother at a place a bit north of us. She transfers at this next junction to a local road, and how the devil I'm going to make connection for her is more than I know. She was put under my charge particularly, with orders to look out for her, and pass her on with extra care and speed. God knows what I'm to do about it in this snap!"

We stood about him in a sympathetic or simply curious group, but nobody offered any suggestions. A question or so elicited further information which invested the case with pitifulness. The spirit of adventure incident to three-and-twenty was working in my blood; while the others talked, a scheme had formulated in my brain that to me looked feasible.

"What's to hinder the lady from walking?" I demanded. "The junction is only a mile and a half away, and you say the local isn't due for fifty-five minutes. The track's level, and she can make pretty good time. If she's anxious, she *will* make it."

The conductor pondered. The scheme struck him as the solution of his problem. The other men stood around and awaited his dictum.

"It might be managed well enough if there was anybody to go with her," he said. "I've got to take this train back and side-track it. I'm only adding to the blockade as I stand, and may be run into any minute besides. She ain't the sort of woman to trust to train men alone. She is a lady."

"Her being a woman is enough," I said. "I'll go with her."

For answer the conductor flashed his lantern up in my face, and took a good look at me. Apparently he was satisfied, for in an instant he let his arm, with the light, drop back to his side.

"Who are you?" was the next question. "No offence, young gentleman, but I'd like to have your name and your where from."

"Barrington," I replied, fishing in my

pocket for a card. "Donne Barrington, son of Phil Barrington, of Laughing-Water. If you've ever been in Virginia, or know anything about the war, you'll know the name."

"I do know it," he declared, "and I come from Virginia myself. Everybody knows Phil Barrington that's ever heard of Yellow Tavern—General Barrington, I should say. Come right along, sir, and we'll put the matter to my young lady."

We re-entered the car, and made our way directly to the woman in homespun whom I had noticed before. She had put up her veil, and was leaning forward, listening eagerly to the comments and conjectures being bandied about. Her eyes lit up when she saw the conductor, and she rose at once, taking mechanically, as it seemed, her satchel and other belongings into her hands. She appeared to have a sort of intuition that affairs had been arranged differently for her from the rest.

As we brought her out, the conductor explained our plan to her, and she fell in with it at once, seeing what he meant and that our intentions were kind, and trusting us unquestioningly, with the grace and thoroughness of a gentlewoman. She gave me her hand when my name was mentioned to her, and looked into my eyes with a courageous sort of gentleness that played the very mischief with my susceptibilities. A couple of train men were to escort us with lanterns, and the conductor went with us himself as far as the bridge, and wished us God-speed. He was to look after my traps himself, and see that they were properly forwarded, hat and all, for I had forgotten about it, and still wore the smoking cap. Being night, of course that made no difference.

We had a pretty rough time scrambling our lady across the bridge. She had to be lifted to the top of the loaded flats, and walk along them from one to the other. The earth was mounded in the centre of each flat, so it was like travelling over a succession of hillocks; but the young woman was active and plucky, and so bent on expedition that she made no trouble for us which she could avoid. She rested her hand in mine, or on my arm or shoulder, according to my direction, and where the flats were widely separated, suffered me to lift her bodily across. In addition to her satchel, which she had surrendered to one of the lantern-bearers, she carried, dangling to her wrist, a little satin bag—reticule, I think the women call them. It was horridly in the way, and quite early in the action she detached it, and, at my suggestion, allowed me to cram it into my coat pocket.

The scene of the moonlit river, with its wooded shores and gleaming water; the dark silhouette of the bridge; the lighted train moving away in the distance; the dusk upheaping of the wreck, with the train men about it flashing lanterns, like fire-flies, was strangely beautiful, and even in my haste and preoccupation I could not avoid being impressed by it.

We kept to the track, so the walking was fair, and the moonlight would have been sufficient to show us the road without the aid of lanterns. Our body-guard marched in the van, swinging their lights low, and we followed, keeping the middle of the track. At first my companion was silent; but after a bit she opened out, and before she realized it was telling me of her mother's illness and of her own devouring anxiety. Once or twice her voice trembled, and I could have sworn there must be tears in her eyes. She choked them back, however, being a plucky soul, and I heartened her up the best I could, despite dense ignorance of all antecedent circumstances. The best thing seemed to be to bowl her along at the top of her speed, and pray Heaven to send that local in on time, with a clear record. There would be people to meet her at her journey's end, she said.

We made the junction all right in plenty of time, and when the local steamed in, I put her aboard, and settled her comfortably. She had spoken with the train men before it pulled up, and, I fancy, testified her appreciation of their services pretty substantially, as I overheard some rather hearty commendation of her. When our parting came, she put out both hands to me, and pressed mine hard, looking up at me with big tears in her eyes, and speaking words that flew straight to my heart, and nestled there like soft-breasted love-birds.

During the following weeks nothing specially worthy of note occurred. My programme was carried out in its entirety and extended. So great was my satisfaction in the jaunt, in fact, that I gave myself more rope, and it was pretty well on in September before I found myself in the city of New York, with my face set southward. At first my adventure haunted me considerably; the girl's face would return as I had last seen it, pale and anxious, with the eyes tear-filled; the tones of her voice would seem to linger in my ears, and I would fall a-wondering whether her people had picked her up all right at the terminus of her journey, and how it had fared with her mother. Her little satin bag, with the dainty handkerchief and other trifles it contained, was still in my possession. I had neglected to inquire the name of the place to which she was bound, and it seemed probable that her New York home might be closed for the summer; besides, I would be in that city myself before my return South, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to render up my trust in person. At parting, the young lady had given me her card, so that I not unnaturally supposed that a future call would be agreeable to her.

During the latter part of my trip her image faded a little, thrust aside by newer happenings; but when I got back to New York it regained prominence. I was curious to test what effect on my impressions a more conventional meeting might have.

The effect which I—or rather my appearance—might have upon *her* did not at first enter into my calculations, and might not have entered into them at all but for a few remarks I chanced to overhear in the hotel at which I was stopping. I was standing in one of the corridors, with my smoking cap on, waiting for a call-boy, when two ladies passed along, going toward the elevator. They moved slowly, and their voices had the penetrating quality which seems inseparable from head tones. Several sentences reached me with mortifying distinctness.

"Did you see that terrible man who dined near us?" the younger of the women exclaimed. "I declare he made cold shivers run all over me. Anything more frightful than that head I can't conceive of. Not a single hair on it anywhere; just like a skull. It fascinated me horribly, and although it made me positively ill to look at it, I kept on looking."

"I could see his face," the other lady observed. "I liked it. The expression is fine, and the features unusually handsome."

"Handsome!" echoed the other. "How could anything be handsome attached to that head? It's a monstrosity! It hasn't been shaven because of sickness, either. I know the look of a shaven head, and this wasn't a bit like it. I never thought whether the creature had a face at all, or a body either. It suggested nothing to me save a skeleton masquerading in clothing. I longed to have the loathsome thing taken away and buried."

This was hard hearing, and my temper rose. I made a movement forward to help the women into the elevator on purpose to make occasion for lifting my cap to them, and so inflicting as disagreeable sensations on them as they had on me; but as I did so the elder woman's voice, in hot rebuke, caused me to pause and give over my intention. Apparently she was of the right sort, and quite capable of inflicting punishment on the feminine brute beside her. I went back to my room in a temper, and also with a different view of the situation. My misfortune had never struck me before as revolting—comic, grotesque, pitiful, even tragic, if you will, but never *loathsome*, and that was the word just applied to it. True, I couldn't see the back of my own head, and so gauge its effect on spectators; still, the thing was harder on me than it could possibly be on anybody else, and I was very ill pleased that that was not the light in which it had been regarded.

My traps were open, and all the appointments for the toilet spread about, for I had dressed myself hurriedly after removing the dust of travel. I turned on all the lights, picked up a hand-glass, and squared around before the mirror to have a good, and as far as possible dispassionate, look at my back. That rear view increased my dissatisfaction. The shoulders were all right, broad and muscular; the coat fitted well; the bit of linen which showed above it was immaculate. But that head *was* anomalous; more, it was aggressively anomalous. It rose from the coat collar as bare and unadorned as the mapped off plaster skulls used for phrenological demonstration. It looked as if it ought to be set up on a shelf, to be handled by a professor. A *rim*, even a narrow rim, of hair would have helped, would have humanized it. But there wasn't any, not a vestige, not a spear. Alone in its nakedness my cranium rose, like the summit of a mountain lifted above the line of vegetation. And I was fain to admit, seen for the first time on other shoulders than my own, the thing might have given me a shock.

I made no call that night. Instead, I lit a cigar, and meditated upon my infirmity. I reflected that the young lady with whom I desired to renew my acquaintance had never beheld me in all my pristine baldness, and that she might not like it. She might find me revolting; worse, she might find me interesting on the *lusus naturæ* platform, like a five-legged calf or a double-headed baby.

Nature has gifted me with persistence and a pretty good grip on the thing, large or small, which I want, so that I never dreamed of giving up my plan. I simply arranged modifications. In the light of my boyish aversion, if anybody had told me six months before that I would ever voluntarily submit myself to wigs again, I should have laughed the teller to scorn. But six months before, no woman had ever looked up at me with quivering lips and eyes full of big tears.

The next morning I hied me to a tonsorial emporium of the first class around on Broadway, and got myself fitted out in a style which the artist who superintended the job assured me defied detection or emulation; after which I changed my hotel, and went to call upon Miss Janet Goldenthorpe.

That call was the beginning of it; the continuance and ending goes by itself and almost without telling. The attraction which Janet Goldenthorpe had for me at first broadened and deepened, until it took in all my present and reached out into my future. I don't believe there ever was a fellow more overwhelmingly in love, or more open and above-board about it. My sweetheart had no time to pause or reflect. I spun her as expeditiously along the path of sentiment as I had spun her along the railroad track that night of our first meeting. What with visits, letters, telegrams, and all the rest of the munitions of war, I carried on the siege with such vigor that by Christmas, when the final assault was made, my young lady was quite content to surrender at discretion.

It was decided that our marriage should not take place for a year, perhaps longer, the authorities maintaining that I must establish myself in my profession, and take on a little more age before undertaking family responsibilities. Both conditions were relatively easy, as I had good professional backing and no power to stay Time in his flight.

During my courtship I was so absorbed in carrying my point that I had scant time for dwelling continuously on anything extraneous. True, the thought of the wig would, from time to time, obtrude itself with all its pristine kill-joy hatefulness. I had no reason to suspect that either Janet herself or any member of her family doubted the integrity of my locks. If they did, they dissembled warily. To be sure, my visits were made principally in the evenings, and there were about the premises no lynx-eyed little ones to caress a man to his undoing. Once, indeed, Antoinette Goldenthorpe, my sweetheart's sister, nearly upset me with the question whether I had ever had brain-fever. Her intonation I considered peculiar, but I parried the question, and there the matter, for the time, had ended. Of course I knew that, sooner or later, Janet must be told, or else allowed to find out for herself; but I put off the evil hour, not being sufficiently sure of my ground at first to take extra risks, and afterward too much in love to tolerate the idea of appearing at disadvantage.

We had been engaged about six months, and it was getting on to the anniversary of our first meeting, before I finally screwed my courage up to the point of disclosure. If Janet truly loved me, I argued, she would look at the matter in the right way, even though she might grieve over it; but if my misfortune should prove too many guns for her, why then the presumption would be that her affection for me was of too flimsy a texture to stand the wear of married life. By that time I loved my sweetheart too thoroughly to be willing to take advantage of her. Moreover, I looked at the thing from a man's stand-point. I knew mighty well that if a woman in my strait should marry me, and keep the secret of her infirmity hidden until such time as it should be necessary to string up her wig to the gas-fixtures, *I* would be tremendously annoyed. And I saw no reason why Janet's feelings should not be similar. True, women are usually more tender to personal defects than men are, and therein rested my hope. But all the same I determined that Janet should have fair play, and a chance to draw back if she should desire it.

It was a hard thing to do, and there didn't seem to be any dignified, graceful, or even decently satisfactory way of doing it. I couldn't snatch off the wig without warning and brandish it in her face. She would consider me a candidate for Bedlam. Nor could I solemnly annunciate that my cranium was, and always had been, as destitute of hair as an old turkey-gobbler's is of feathers, and then invite her to witness an illustration. That would be equally out of the question. How in the mischief *could* I tell her? I elaborated and discarded one scheme after another, and thought over the matter until my brow felt strictured, and exactly as if somebody had tied a string tightly around my skull and then forced under a nail and taken a turn or two.

The Goldenthorpe family were at their summer home on Long Island Sound, for it was well on toward the end of June. I had come North primarily to see Janet, and secondarily to make my disclosure, having been betrayed by some impish familiar into the idea that it would be easier to tell by word of mouth than by letter; for which conclusion I was moved to dub myself fool with words of strength and perspicuity. Most heartily did I wish myself back in Virginia, with a good gray goose-quill in my hand and an emotionless sheet of paper before me.

The solution of my difficulty finally came like an inspiration. I had brought up a lot of photographs to show Janet of my family and home, and of other places and people in Virginia. In sorting them out I discovered a group taken the previous year just before I left the university. Ordinarily I eschew pictures, having no mind to perpetuate my defect, but it was the usual society routine to have a photograph done for the Hall, and as I had been final orator, the fellows would take no refusal. The likeness of me was excellent, so I had secured a copy for my mother, never dreaming, of course, of the purpose which it would finally serve. Indeed, when I had rifled the parlor of my mother's photograph bag I had been ignorant that the group was among that particular collection. I put the picture midway of the package, so that Janet might not chance on it too early in the action, and then slipped the bag into my pocket.

That afternoon, when Janet and I went for our usual stroll on the beach, I gave it to her. We had climbed on the rocks to a favorite nook, where we could sit at ease and watch the waves lift, sweep forward, and then recede with undulating grace, like a dame of ye olden times graciously courtesying in a minuet. The distances were cloudless and deeply azure, like the skies of the South, and away in the offing the sunlight transmuted the dimpling water to gold, flecked with jewel points, more fair than the dream of an alchemist. The talk had been of Virginia, of my people there, and of the old plantation days of peaceful plenty, which I could tell of from hearsay rather than from personal experience.

I took out the bag and emptied its contents in her lap, watching with curious intentness while she looked at the pictures one by one, commenting upon them and plying me with questions. In a few moments I felt rather than saw that she had come to the university group. A sort of sick shiver ran through me, and my glance travelled out to the infinite. How was she going to take it?

After a bit curiosity got the better of alarm, and I glanced at her. She had piled all the pictures up into a mound, on the apex of which rested that abominable group, and was gazing down on it with an unmistakable smile on her lips. I groaned in spirit. Nothing could be worse than this. She was not taking the thing seriously at all. She evidently looked on the picture as some senseless bit of college fooling, some idiotic student's jest.

"Don't you consider the likeness good?" I questioned, miserably.

"Excellent," she answered, cheerfully. "You know it is the first picture of you I have ever seen. You have never had one taken for me."

Her equanimity maddened me. I caught my breath hard and dashed right in.

"The reason I haven't," I announced, "is that to be natural—to be *me*—any other picture must be taken precisely as that one is taken. That wasn't a collegian's idiotic joke. It's truth! It's deadly reality!"

Then my sweetheart surprised me. She folded her hands on the pile of photographs, and looked across them straight into my eyes with the gentle directness which had first won upon my regard.

"I know," she quietly observed—"I know all about it, and have for some time, only I preferred that you should tell me yourself; I wanted you to be brave enough and true enough to tell me. From the very first I have known that *that*"—indicating my cranial decoration—"was not natural. But I thought you had had some spell of sickness, and been obliged to have your head shaved. Antoinette had brain-fever once, and her head was shaved. She wore a wig for six or eight months. We all thought that the explanation of yours, but we made no allusion to the subject, of course, because you made none yourself. However, I believe Net did once."

"How did you find out the true state of the case?" I questioned, tremendously relieved that she should be already accustomed to the idea, that the wire edge, so to speak, should have been taken off, before I put in my confession.

"I know *that* man," she responded, indicating a fellow in the group. "He was here last winter for quite a while, and I met him everywhere. We got on famously together. I would not mention him to you, nor let Net, because I wanted you to tell me yourself. He admires you extravagantly, and talked of you a great deal after he found out that you were a mutual friend. He said you were the most brilliant man who had graduated at the university in years—that the faculty said so, and predicted wonderful things for your future. When he mentioned your"—hesitating for a word—"your misfortune, it was quite without suspicion that he was betraying a secret. He took it for granted that I knew it, like all the people in Virginia."

Inwardly I heaped blessings upon Ned Collins and his loquacity, and determined I would speak to my brother Tom about him, and if possible get him a place in our corps, for I knew he was out of work and would be glad of a lift; but outwardly I held calm, and only possessed myself of both Janet's hands, while I leaned down and looked straight into her eyes.

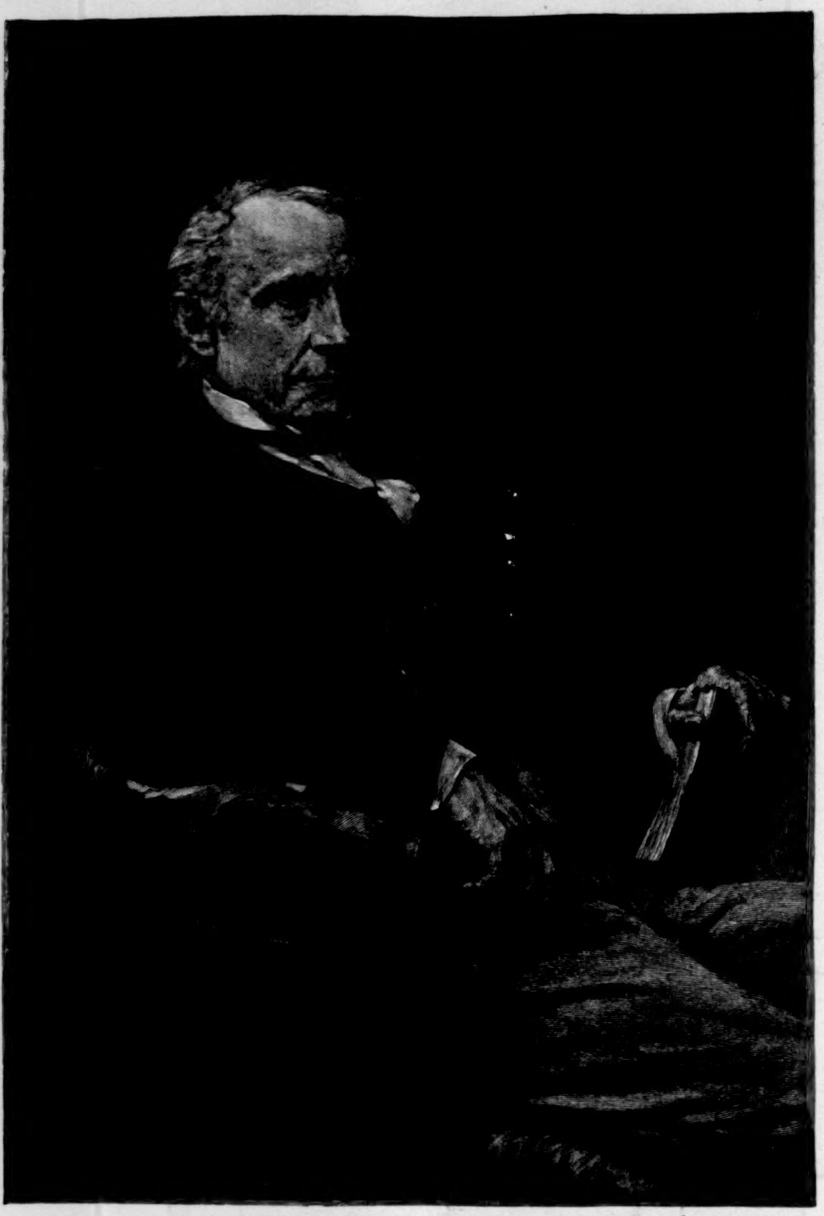
"You don't mind it?" I queried. "You are going to forgive me, and not let it make any difference in our love?"

My sweetheart's eyes filled, and she raised her face with the same expression it had worn that first night—tender, anxious, and utterly self-forgetful.

"I *do* mind it," she said, gently—"I mind it terribly—just as much as if you were halt or maimed. All the time I keep thinking what a factor it must have been in your life, and how you must have suffered because of it. It almost breaks my heart to think about your pain. As for forgiveness, there is nothing to forgive. It is not your fault; it is a calamity which has been put upon you—a calamity" (her voice broke, and faltered charmingly) "which *love* is going to try and help you to bear."

I lifted her little hands to my lips and kissed them, not knowing quite what to say, the pose of martyr being as unfamiliar to me as that of monstrosity. Her view of the matter sort of got all around me, like the encircling of tender arms, and it didn't seem decent, somehow, to tell her just then what an exceedingly jolly life mine had been, and how light-heartedly I had always taken my baldness.

ÉMILE VAN MARCKE.—[See Page 51.]



ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.—[See Page 51.]

THE LATE EMMA ABBOTT.

THE LATE EMMA ABBOTT.

Emma Abbott, the late well-known American prima donna, died of pneumonia at the Hotel Templeton, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Monday morning, January 5th. She was born in Chicago, December 9, 1849, and while very young removed with her parents to Peoria, Illinois, where the days of her childhood were spent. Her remarkable voice was noticed at a very early age, and after her ninth year she was her father's assistant in musical entertainments, by which the family were supported. Mr. Abbott was too poor to gratify the girl's ambition, but her local fame spread until it came to the ears of Clara Louise Kellogg, who at once interested herself in the young singer, and was instrumental in procuring for Miss Abbott a place in the choir of Dr. Chapin's church, New York. This was in 1870, and after two years the congregation of the church had become so captivated with the voice of the girl that the sum of $10,000 was raised in order that she might complete her musical education in Europe. For some years she studied under the best vocal teachers in Italy and France. Her voice failed her for a time, and finding her treasury depleted, she appealed to the Baroness de Rothschild for help. The Baroness gave her £200. Mr. Eugene J. Wetherell soon afterward went to Paris, and was secretly married to Miss Abbott. After declining an engagement at the St. Petersburg Opera-house, Miss Abbott made her début at Covent Garden, under Gye, as Maria in *The Daughter of the Regiment.* Colonel Mapleson, of her Majesty's Opera, next engaged her for a period of three years, and during a portion of that time Miss Abbott made a tour of England and Ireland, appearing in opera and upon the concert platform. Her return to this country was due to her objection to appear in *La Traviata*, which she considered immoral, and her stand in the matter resulted in cancelling her engagement.

After appearing at a concert in New York for the benefit of Dr. Chapin's church, she sang in the Abbott & Hess Opera Company, which her husband managed. Since that time she has constantly appeared in English opera in this country, and at the time of her death was travelling with her own company. Her husband died about two years ago, and is buried at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Miss Abbott leaves a large fortune, having received a great deal upon the death of her husband, and being by nature of a careful and saving mind, which enabled her to lay by her own earnings. She rarely appeared in New York in opera, but confined her travels to the West, where she was always received with delight and appreciation. Her father and mother survive her.

CAPUCHIN FRIARS HOLDING MASS ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.—Drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman.—[See Page 50.]

No. 1. CIRRUS. (THE HIGHEST CLOUDS, AT AN ALTITUDE OF NEARLY TEN MILES.)

No. 2. CIRRO-STRATUS. (ABOUT SIX MILES FROM THE EARTH.)

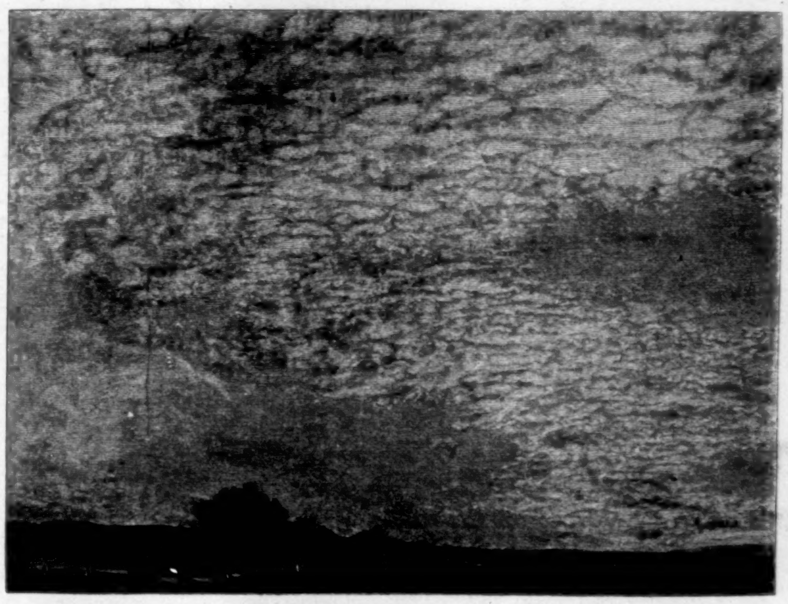
DISCOVERIES IN CLOUD-LAND.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

The Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, at the summit of Great Blue Hill, about ten miles south of Boston, Massachusetts, is fortunately situated for meteorological research, especially as related to cloud movements. It is on the highest ground within ten miles of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. The circulation of the air around Great Blue Hill is not influenced by irregularities in the surface of the surrounding country. Nor is the situation of the observatory too high to satisfactorily record the surface effects of great storms. Professor William M. Davis, of Harvard, points out the fact that at the Pike's Peak Signal Service station, discontinued July 1, 1887, the meteorological conditions at the summit were not subject to serious disturbance from passing storms. Mr. H. Helm Clayton's observations in Tennessee, at Ann Arbor (Michigan), and at the Blue Hill observatory indicate that storms are borne along like a whirlwind in a vast general stream of air, traces of which extend to a much greater height than Pike's Peak. The data already collected at the Blue Hill observatory emphasize the subtle nature of storm disturbances as related to the higher regions of the air.

This observatory at the summit of Great Blue Hill was built by Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch as a private enterprise. It commands an unbroken view of the horizon thirty-three miles distant, of the mountains in New Hampshire seventy miles away, and displays weather signals for one hundred and twenty towns and villages. The importance of this situation for scientific purposes, which occurred to Mr. Rotch in 1884, was confirmed by his visit to the mountain observatories of Europe in 1885. On January 31st of that year, at midnight, the opening of the observatory was made public by a display of rockets from the summit of Great Blue Hill. All observations ordinarily made at Signal Service stations and many special investigations have since been carried on by Mr. Rotch, assisted by Mr. H. Helm Clayton and Mr. S. P. Fergusson. Mr. Rotch has carefully equipped the observatory with the best and most ingenious meteorological instruments.

On January 8, 1889, Professor Edward C. Pickering, director of the astronomical observatory of Harvard College, published an elaborate record of the Blue Hill observations, with tabulated statements of the results achieved by Mr. Clayton, who has made important discoveries in the laws of cloud movement. The cloud formation of coming storms has attracted attention during many centuries as it does to-day, and certain inferences from the appearance of the sky find justification in the actual results; yet an old steam-ship captain, having an experience of forty years at sea, when questioned, insisted upon the treacherous nature of sky portents. But when the heavens are overcast, thousands of people come forth with their umbrellas, and the wisdom of this action is sustained by the Signal Service weather forecasts. Sergeant Dunn, of the Signal Office at New York, says that the advance of rainy weather eastward is so often preceded by cloudiness that the condition of the sky becomes an important element in making up the indications. Elaborate information bearing upon the proportion and kind of clouds is collected by the Signal Service officers.



No. 3. CIRRO-CUMULUS. (FROM FOUR TO SEVEN MILES FROM THE EARTH.)

At the Blue Hill observatory careful scientific tests have been applied by Mr. Clayton, whose discoveries emphasize the fact, of which meteorologists are particularly conscious, that much of the failure to calculate the movement of storm centres is due to deficient knowledge of the air currents situated at a distance of from 20,000 to 30,000 feet above the earth's surface. The direction, height, and speed with which clouds are moving must, of course, be approximately known before any relation between cloud movements and storm progression can be discovered. The direction of cloud movement was measured by Mr. Clayton by means of a mirror which he invented, divided to degrees of arc. The velocity was found by counting the number of quarter inches through which the cloud image moved in a minute across the surface of the mirror. He timed the movement of cloud shadows over known distances of the country surrounding Great Blue Hill, and thus practically verified his own estimates made by using the mirror. The cloudiness at night is recorded by means of an ingenious automatic photographic apparatus invented by Professor Pickering, and called the polestar recorder. This is an instrument in which a telescope and camera are so combined that the trail of the polestar is photographed. Passing clouds are revealed by the fact that the photographic impression of the star's course vanishes. Estimates are then made on the basis that the amount of cloudiness in the region of the polestar represents the average amount over the whole sky. An alarm-clock closes the shutter of the camera at dawn.

Mr. Clayton's measurements demonstrate that clouds of all kinds float at about the same height in the United States as at Upsala, Sweden, and at other parts of the world where special observations have been carried on. Cloud observations at intervals of a few hours have been taken during several years in Europe at Coimbra, Madrid, Perpignan, Tiflis, Turin, Vienna, Crefeld, Dorpat, and Helsingfors; in Asia at Zikawei and Bombay; in the East Indies at Batavia; in Africa at Malange and Pungo Adongo; in North America at Washington, Great Blue Hill, Los Angeles, Point Barrow, and at the United States Signal Service stations; and in Australia at Melbourne, thus showing that the interest in cloud science has become general throughout the world. It has been found that the highest cloud layers in the United States manifested an average velocity of eighty miles an hour during about two years, and that the move-

No. 4. CUMULO-CIRRUS. (FROM TWO TO FIVE MILES ABOVE THE EARTH.)

No. 5. CUMULUS. (USUALLY HALF A MILE ABOVE THE EARTH.)

ment of high air currents is more rapid in America than in Europe. A surface wind velocity of eighty miles an hour in great storms off the North Atlantic coast is rarely experienced. So severe a gale has not taken place in this region of the sea since the great New York blizzard of March, 1888. In fact, the highest wind velocity recorded at Great Blue Hill, 635 feet above sea-level, and one of the windiest meteorological stations in the United States, is only seventy-four miles an hour. These comparisons suggest the great velocity of the upper currents.

Several meteorologists believe that the next great advance in meteorological science must come from the study of the upper air currents. Mr. Clayton thinks that the results already obtained from the study of the highest clouds indicate that general weather conditions can be predicted a week ahead. This possibility is due to the fact that the upper currents are clearly not governed by local causes, but by general causes already becoming definitely known as acting over a wide area. The accumulation of heated and moist air over vast extents of territory causes a disturbance which is revealed first by the swifter moving upper currents.

Illustrations No. 1 and No. 2 show the kind of clouds that move the greatest distance in advance of a coming storm. In No. 1 the clouds seen are from seven to ten miles above the earth's surface. They are composed of fine hair-like fibres, or thin sheets of vapor in which the fibrous structure predominates, and they float at the highest level. In No. 2 the clouds are about six miles from the earth, and are devoid of fibrous structure except around their edges. Frequently no fibres are visible when large masses having hazy edges cover the sky, becoming dense, and obscuring the sun, moon, and stars, or developing a dark appearance, instead of the glistening white seen at high levels. The clouds shown in No. 3 are at times found at nearly as great a height as the *cirrus* in No. 1. In fact the *cirro-cumulus* clouds (No. 3) may float within four miles of the earth, and then again may reach the higher levels. This mottled appearance of the sky usually accompanies the formation of showers. In No. 4 the clouds are from two to five miles above the earth. They are larger, lower, and denser than the clouds first described, and when well developed they assume a globular appearance, with rounded bases. The well-known white rolling clouds often piled up to a great height on a bright warm summer afternoon are beautifully shown in No. 5. These clouds are generally characterized by level or flat bases, somewhat rounded or jagged tops, with a vertical height equalling their horizontal extension. They are massive, imposing clouds, from which sometimes, far away, a shower may be seen to fall, trailing like a darker veil of mist. The high, white, magnificent masses are like distant rounded mountain-tops, shining with the glare of a snowfall. These clouds are usually less than half a mile above the earth, and rarely extend to a greater height than two miles above their lower surfaces. The low, ragged, torn dark clouds that rush along in advance of thunder-storms are not here represented, because they are so difficult to photograph, owing to deficient light and want of contrast. It is surprising to find that these low-flying clouds stream upward to a height of about 20,000 feet, measured from their lower surfaces, which may be only a few hundred feet above the earth.

Mr. Clayton's observations during three years show that the most cloudiness occurs at sunrise and at 1 P.M., and the least at 9 P.M. This relative daily cloudiness applies to all cloud levels, from the height of Great Blue Hill (635 feet), which is often enveloped in clouds during rain, to the highest clouds, which float at a height of about 30,000 feet as usually given, and of 40,000 feet as claimed by Poey and Flammarion. The clouds one mile high are greatest in quantity at 1 P.M., while the clouds five miles high are greatest in quantity between 4 and 6 P.M. In other words, the cloudiness, as indicated by the averages, progresses toward higher levels later in the day, disclosing the effect of warm ascending currents. In fact, changes in the direction of the wind and of the upper clouds, as recorded by Mr. Clayton, denote a daily expansion of the earth's atmosphere, due to the heat of the sun acting laterally and vertically.

The marked separation of some cloud layers has been experimentally demonstrated, while ascending a mountain, by Professor Möller, in Germany. The lower cloud was left behind when he had gone upward of 1200 feet, but high above him were clouds of the middle layers at a height of 20,000 feet, which soon began to darken with rain or snow.

The higher clouds, when carefully studied by Mr. Clayton, clearly revealed not only the direction but the velocity of movement of different cloud layers. Certain parts of the highest white fleecy clouds were seen to overtake others, showing difference of current or difference of elevation. At another time a rapidly moving current was seen to push under another current, causing at the point of contact little eddies and streams of air, as shown by the condensation of vapor into delicate cloud fibres. Mr. Clayton observed this exceptional formation in the summer of 1883; on February 23, 1884; March 25, 1888; July 2, 1888; and on April 19, 1889. He cited an instance where heavy particles of cloud fell fastest and assumed the appearance of long fibres caused by decreased wind velocity as the cloud dropped to a lower altitude. When the cloud descends into a more rapidly moving current the fact is shown by the lower masses hurrying forward in advance of the main cloud, which is drawn out into narrower form. This peculiar effect has been also observed in Germany.

From the top of almost every well-developed shower cloud the fleecy fibres of the very highest layers may be seen to extend. The clouds observed in No. 5 may send disturbing invisible currents of warmer air much higher than the point shown by the magnificent white masses. The movement of a penetrating horizontal current is often disclosed at a great height by the curve of a feathery cloud bent backward while forcing its way through air having a slower movement. Where the rear of a cloud is curved forward in the direction of the line of movement a decreasing wind velocity is indicated.

Flammarion, the French astronomer and meteorologist, claims that the upper clouds are from 26,000 to 40,000 feet above the earth, and that they consist of minute ice particles. When Glaisher, during his memorable balloon ascension, July 17, 1862, attained a height of 37,000 feet (seven miles), he found that the Fahrenheit thermometer marked 12° below zero. At this great altitude he saw the highest clouds still far above him. It is, however, by no means certain that in these upper regions the clouds always consist of ice particles, because Flammarion discovered during several balloon ascensions that at very great heights the cold due to elevation was penetrated here and there by warmer streams of air. During another balloon ascension, on June 26, 1863, when Glaisher had gone up to a height of 13,000 feet, he found an immense cloud of delicate snow crystals nearly a mile in thickness. The slight iridescent effect seen when moonlight illumines semitransparent clouds is doubtless caused in a similar way by fine ice dust floating in the air at a great altitude. Halos arise from the same cause, as shown by Flammarion, who demonstrated that they were due to the decomposition of light while passing through innumerable ice crystals.

On August 11, 1890, the upper air currents, measured by Mr. Clayton from the observed cloud movement about seven miles above the earth's surface, were found in this exceptional instance to be moving at a velocity of nearly 200 miles an hour. As not more than twelve times a year do these upper clouds move in any other direction than from the west, it follows that a balloon journey across the Atlantic Ocean might be made from the United States at a rate of considerably more than 2400 miles a day. Flammarion gives an instance in which a balloon sent up from Paris at 11 P.M. reached Rome at 7 A.M. next morning, thus traversing southeast a distance of nearly 800 miles in eight hours. The currents that might carry a balloon across the Atlantic eastward to Europe are disclosed by the upper cloud movements, which show the general drift of the atmosphere on a vast scale. Beside denoting the velocity and direction of motion of great storms coming from the west, these high clouds reveal the increasing or decreasing intensity of such storms, with the resulting distribution of rain. It has been found by Mr. Clayton that curved light fleecy clouds denote the approach of a storm of increasing energy, and that these high clouds frequently give indications of coming rain in advance of barometric indications at the earth's surface. It is becoming clear that the old-fashioned weather prophet was in agreement with some of the advanced meteorological methods when he forecast the weather from the appearance of the sky.

The storms plotted on the weather maps of the Signal Service may vary greatly, and to some extent incalculably, in their motion, intensity, and in the unexpected suddenness of their cessation. In averaging the movement of storm centres there is always a marked element of contingency. This fact does not detract from the great value of Signal Service storm predictions, because the data recorded and deductions drawn by that organization must be highly and justly valued by many coming generations of scientific men. The weather maps supplement the work of the cloud student, resulting in continued improvement in weather predictions. Complete calculations, verified by later tabulated comparisons between the movement of storms and that of the upper clouds, remain yet to be made from the careful records at the Blue Hill observatory. Mr. Rotch's admirable scientific enterprise and energy have resulted in a series of hourly observations, which by their frequency, continuity, and accuracy must be valuable for reference during many hundred years of investigation.

MASS ON BOARD "LA GASCOGNE."

It is oddly suggestive of spooks and pirates to see, at half past four in the morning, a procession of eight figures, clad in dark, flapping skirts, go stealing, single file, up a ship's gangway. At this hour all on board are supposed to be sleeping save the sailors up above, and, below, a blue-bloused polisher of boots, who is rubbing away in a distant corner under a dim light.

Very gentle and kindly men are the apparent conspirators—eight good Capuchin friars bound for America. Their sandals flap irregularly as they mount the rubber-bound steps that lead to the music-room, where a circular opening gives on the dark deserted dining-hall below, and a circular skylight helps to make darkness visible. Softly muttering their prayers, the monks move about, unpacking two or three boxes they have brought, and so making ready for five-o'clock mass.

The rules of their order compel the Capuchins to travel in the second cabin, but by a special arrangement they have the use of the music-room for early mass. By five o'clock the preparations are completed. Good old Père Ladislas, the father of the flock, is arrayed in his embroidered vestments; the skylight has begun to shed a little light; two tiny candles are burning on the improvised altar; people have slipped in, and there are dark figures kneeling all about the room. When the services are over, those who have taken part slip quietly away. The embroidered robes and the bright little altar disappear by magic. There is a quiet moving of brown robes, a new flapping of sandals on the stairway, and all is still.

Then suddenly the daylight seems quite bright; a French waiter, with a napkin under his arm, comes running up the stairway; a tall young man, whose ulster all but conceals his pajamas, follows the waiter, to ask for ice and Apollinaris; the deck steward begins to sleepily sort the rugs on the balustrade. And you rub your eyes, wondering whether you have dreamed a quaint dream, or whether you have really been to a five-o'clock mass on board ship, and have seen the service conducted by the barefoot friars.

MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

EAST-SIDE STREET MERCHANTS.

During the whole year sidewalk merchants are scattered through New York streets, but about the holiday season their forces are concentrated and massed in batteries in particular thoroughfares. Your peddler may have his wares in a basket or box occupying the sidewalk, or may sell his goods from a ram-shackle truck wheeled close to the curb-stone. An American crowd, as you find it on Grand, Canal, or Fulton Street, is invariably good-humored, and never inclined to vicious rushes. It does not quarrel because of being hustled. But nevertheless, what with the attractions in the shop windows, where wax ladies in ballroom costumes are gyrating, and the crowd they draw, and the mass of people on the sidewalk selling and buying, to move at all is difficult.

What is known as the East Side in New York is the Elysium of the street peddlers. The goods he offers are cheap and varied. For twenty-five cents you may buy ten different toys, any one of which would delight a normal child. If you were lavish, and had a dollar to spend, a regulation Bagdad porter would be wanted to carry your load, which might not be so heavy as bulky. Sweets and candies, gum-drops, pop-corn, cakes, fruit, are for sale by the cart-load.

There is competition among the dealers, and each one cries his goods at the top of his voice, expatiating on their particular excellence and cheapness. The regular native fakir is rather of a rarity, and so the English used is of a mongrel character. The boys who sell may be understandable, but their seniors decidedly unintelligible. The language is guttural. A man exhibits a toy, and says over and over again, "Zeemezick, zeemezick"; but the conclusion, "Vive zents—vun dickul," can be understood. He is selling the rough print of a boy stuck on a bit of wood, and there is a wire spring to it. You pull a string, the puppet launches out a leg, and a marble attached to a string is hurled into space. The name of that toy is "see me kick," and would be appreciated by nascent Yale foot-ball teams. The "see me kick" is apparently popular. "Tchumpumtchaks" presented no difficulties, because the man was jerking away at the string of a jumping-jack; and his neighbor's cry of "Pow-wow togs! Togs! Pow-wow!" was at once made clear by the exhibition of a kennel of plaster-of-Paris pugs. One old woman who piped "Tommytoes! tommytoes!" was suggestive of tomatoes. Her shawl had fallen over her basket, so that her goods were hidden for the time being; but when she removed the cover, small boxes of toy dominoes were visible, which you might buy for ten cents. No mistake could be made about "A boat for a penny," for a craft was exhibited. There was one fakir who evidently prided himself on his recent acquisition of English, for he had a good patter. He said, "I hoffer for your conziderashun a gommodious dree-sdory house, wid alles modern gonvenienzes, for ten zents." His palaver helped his business, for he was disposing of his real estate as fast as he could take paper houses out of his basket.

Mr. W. A. Rogers, whose special liking it is to have his fingers in touch with the great pulse of New York, has made a page of illustrations showing various types of street merchants, particularly on the east side. In the middle of the picture is the pretzel man. There are many venders of this brittle stuff on Grand Street and elsewhere, but Mr. Rogers has drawn a particular one. Poor old man! He looks as if he had seen better days. He carries a long staff, and on it are slipped his pretzels. A sack, I am sorry to say neither very white nor clean, is near him. Generally the last pretzel, the one at the lowest level, is in rather too close proximity with the sidewalk. It might be safer, then, to purchase the uppermost pretzel. He is a silent, a retiring man, and does not cry his adamantine ware. It is pitiful to see how patiently he stands of cold nights, doing so little business. Mr. Rogers, with artistic sympathy for his model, believes that this old man awaits certain death from exposure, so scantily clad is he, but that he will take his final departure only when his last pretzel is sold. The calling of the pretzel merchant does not seem a profitable one, for having watched this old man for a long time, I never saw a purchaser. The fact is, the why, the whence, the wherefore, of the pretzel is not readily understood by the American mind, unless the publicans, on the one hand, support the pretzel business from the thirst it is supposed to engender, or the dentists because it is so destructive of human teeth. Still, there stands the old man far into the night, apparently hopeful that at some time or other there may pass a stray devourer of pretzels.

Fairly aggressive is he who sells dolls. He cried his puppets in an inverse, defiant way that at first sounded like "Dutiful bolls"; but then, listening closer, I made it out to be "Peutivul tolls! tolls! tolls! fower for a quavater." He scowled so when he cried his dolls that I took him to be a rascal; but I wronged the man. A little mite of a girl, who was both allured and startled by his howl, timidly approached, and then the doll man's dirty face was cleared with a smile. He selected three dolls for the girl, and bid her pick out a fourth, which she did. Then he said:

"No; dat one was gracked. Here is a goot one. Now I sell you this gracked one for three zents."

Well, that was honest. An old woman was near, and offered three cents for the doll that wanted trepanning; but the dealer was sharp, and said: "No; you give me four zents for that toll, and I no zell her. If you buy fower tolls for a quavater, I drow in that toll for two zents."

Never were such original colors given to pampa grasses as may be seen on Grand Street, and for five cents an amazing bunch can be bought. The dealer in jumping monkeys cried, "Down 'e goes; up 'e goes," and he was soon surrounded by a crowd of children. There is a nice-looking little boy who sells paper birds with their necks, wings, and tails suspended from strings. Hung from the ceiling of a dingy tenement, no matter how trashy is this poor paper thing, it brings pleasure and the thoughts of green fields and shady groves and the homing pigeons. The lad, through long practice, has the knack of working his birds, and they seem to fly, poise, and beat the air with their wings. An old woman, as broad as she is high, sells mittens of all sizes and colors. I am afraid she uses some guile, inasmuch as she declared that she had made them, for her song went: "Mittins! mittins! I knit 'em! I knit 'em!" They were decidedly not of home production, but might be none the less serviceable on that account. It was fine to see how she took hold of a little boy's pudgy fist, a trifle blue from the cold, and tenderly put a pair of blood-red mits on his hands, and she did it so nicely and deftly that the little chap's mother laughed, and having paid for them, straight away she bought another pair for herself. And the mitten merchant said, as she pocketed the money, "And dat was an extry small hand you got, ma'am; and I don't sell wunst in a week that size for a grow'd woman." And then all hands were delighted.

"Han'k'ch'fs! han'k'ch'fs!" is about the phonetic way to spell what one man sells, only the final "ch'fs" are so slurred and effaced as to leave no impression on the ear. The articles being handkerchiefs, they stand out amazingly white and fine in contrast with the merchant's dirty and coarse fingers. The monograms and emblems in glowing colors are startling. Handkerchiefs are in good demand. One man, cleverer than his mates, showed a bottle of strong-smelling essence, and said: "I burvume your han'k'ch'f for nuddings. Mek you smell goot."

Japanese dolls and Japanese rattles were in great abundance, and it seemed to me that the time may come when the old rhyme may be changed where "make 'em" was applicable to the Nuremberg and "break 'em" to the American children.

The toys sold by street merchants rarely change in character, nor are new-fangled ones in much repute, and so the demand for mechanical playthings is never large by that class of customers these men cater for. A certain number of very poor and trashy articles called "useful" are to be found in quantity. A novelty on Grand Street was offered by a nice-looking old woman, who wore a pair of iron-framed spectacles. Her goods were little Holy Families in pink wax, all nicely done up in glass boxes. She was a silent woman, and said nothing about her goods. A group of Sicilian women in purple skirts, with green silk shawls tied closely around their necks and breasts, with their black hair tightly knotted, and pendulous ear-rings, hived round the old woman, and her stock of Holy Families was lessened by two. There had been some chaffering, but from what little I know of this peculiar Italian *patois*, the handsome Sicilians had taken away with them the grim old woman's blessing.

B. P.

WIND SCULPTURES.

THE wind is carved and dimpled
  With sculptures quaint and rare;
Strange leaflets, vines, and flowers,
  And turrets high and fair.

Odd arabesques and gargoyles,
  And dainty filigrees,
And pyramids and mountains
  By angry rolling seas.

It's rich in fairy landscapes
  And pleasant garden nooks,
And castles and cathedrals,
  And forests veined with brooks.

When o'er the land it murmurs
  In music sweet and low,
It prints these airy fancies
  Upon the sparkling snow.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ÉMILE VAN MARCKE.

A DESPATCH received January 7th announced the death of Émile van Marcke, the pupil of Troyon, at Hyères, a port of the Mediterranean. Émile van Marcke was born at Sèvres, France, August 20, 1827. His parents were Belgians, and as a child he removed with them to Liege, where he remained until 1847. Being then in his twentieth year, he returned to Sèvres, and, as his master had done, entered the famous porcelain factory. Here he remained eight years, and it was not until he was nearly thirty that he became a pupil of Troyon, who was a native of Sèvres. Troyon was then nearly fifty years of age, and the greatest of all cattle painters of his time; and following the same line of work, Van Marcke soon became famous, and bade fair to rival his master. But the crown remained with Troyon, who died in 1865, and Van Marcke was ever spoken of as his greatest pupil. During the earlier years of his success Van Marcke was a constant contributor to the Salon, receiving medals in 1867, 1869, and 1870. In 1873 the Legion of Honor was conferred upon him, and in 1878 a medal of the first class at the Universal Exposition. Normandy was his favorite place for study, although he had a hôtel in the Rue de Florence, Paris. For the past two years the artist was a sufferer from nervous trouble, and his removal to Hyères was in order to regain his health. He leaves a wife and married daughter, Marie Diéterle, who studied under her father.

Van Marcke's talent for painting was in a measure an inheritance, his father having been a landscape artist and his mother a painter of flowers. His paintings were of nature, being remarkable as works of realism. They contained the warmth and feeling of life, and his cattle might have breathed, so faithful was the artist to the subject he sought to portray. He was a master of composition, and his drawing strong. It might be said that at times his paintings were coarse, but notwithstanding they all bore the imprint of the master. In this country the works of Van Marcke are well known. His "White Cow," "Cows in a Pool," and "Cattle" are in the Vanderbilt collection in New York, and the gallery of Mr. W. T. Walters, in Baltimore, holds his "Study from Nature," "Cow" (Bright Sunlight), "The Pool," "The Approach of the Storm," and "The Misty Morning." "The Mill Farm" was purchased at auction in New York a few years ago for $11,500, and other of his works have realized large prices at sales within recent years. Throughout the country are scattered a number of his best examples, and the popularity of his work is shown by the avidity with which they are purchased. In all respects he was a wonderful artist, and in the death of Émile van Marcke the world loses a genius and a master in his particular line.

THE HISTORIAN KINGLAKE.

THE late Alexander William Kinglake was known to few under middle age in any other capacity than that of the voluminous historian of the invasion of the Crimea. But he was a man of vast energy and striking originality, and at different times during his long career his literary, intellectual, and political traits brought him into prominent notice in England, on the Continent, and in America.

Kinglake was born in Taunton, England, in 1811. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1832. In 1837 he was "called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn," as the English like to say of their young lawyers. For nearly a score of years, except during a trip to the East, he seems to have devoted himself to his legal books and the courts, and is said to have acquired a large Chancery practice. Kinglake's literary fame rests upon two productions—a little book of travels and a history. Aside from these he wrote practically nothing. Furthermore, these two works were largely the result of two curious accidents, without which, probably, the first would never have been published, and the second never have been thought of.

Shortly after his admission to the bar, Kinglake made a trip to the East, *i. e.*, to Constantinople, Greece, the Holy Land, Egypt, etc. After his return he endeavored to write an account of his travels, but he gave it up in disgust. A second time he made the attempt to put his impressions in proper form for publication, but again he failed, and abandoned his undertaking "with a sensation of utter distaste." Subsequently an intimate friend, who was contemplating a similar journey, asked Kinglake for an outline of his travels. A French map with the course marked was sent in response. Shortly afterward he felt that his friend's request had not been very generously complied with. Mainly with a view to ease his qualms, he returned to the twice abandoned memoranda of his travels, intending to enlarge them for his friend's use. "I tried," he wrote in his preface, "and the pleasure and confidence which I felt in speaking to you soon made my task so easy, and even amusing, that after a while (though not in time for your tour) I completed the scrawl from which this book was originally printed."

The book was given the name of *Eothen* —a word taken from the Greek, meaning "from the early dawn," "from the East." The circumstances of its production excuse some of its oddities. What could be more startling than these lines from its Preface? "I have endeavored to discard from it all valuable matter derived from the work of others.... I believe I may truly acknowledge that from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research, from all display of 'sound learning and religious knowledge,' from all historical and scientific illustrations, from all useful statistics, from all political disquisitions, and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free. My excuse for the book is its truth." The author spoke of himself as "a headstrong and not very amiable traveller, whose prejudice in favor of other people's notions was then exceedingly slight," and added, "as I have felt, so I have written." This reads like questionable egotism; but egotism is pardonable, as in the case of Carlyle, if there be genius back of it.

Eothen is as brilliant as it is different from the ordinary book of travel. The secret of its value is in the fact that it is a lasting reproduction transferred to paper of the impressions which the weird sights and experiences of the Orient made upon a young man of fine feelings but of rugged and peculiar philosophy. There is nothing forced or perfunctory about it. It is the East itself, and its author is the mirror and translator. Its style is conversational, and we can almost feel in it, as we read, the mellow warmth of a friend. Picturesque descriptions, humor, sarcasm, and an interesting disregard for common prejudices crowd almost every chapter. Here is a view of a Moslem quarter of a Turkish city: It "is lonely and desolate; you go up, and down, and on, over shelving and hillocky paths, through the narrow lanes walled in by blank, windowless dwellings; you come out upon an open space strewed with the black ruins that some late fire has left; you pass by a mountain of castaway things, the rubbish of centuries, and on it you see numbers of big wolf-like dogs lying torpid under the sun, with limbs outstretched to the full, as if they were dead; storks or cranes, sitting fearless upon the low roofs, look gravely down upon you; the still air that you breathe is loaded with the scent of citron and pomegranate rinds scorched by the sun, or (as you approach the Bazar) with the dry, dead perfume of strange spices."

His representation of an Englishman's interview with a pasha by means of a translator is worthy the gifts of our best humorists. It is too long to quote more than its introductory sentences:

"*Pasha*. The Englishman is welcome: most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

"*Dragoman (to the Traveller)*. The Pasha pays you his compliments.

"*Traveller*. Give him my best compliments in return, and say that I'm delighted to have the honor of seeing him.

"*Dragoman (to the Pasha)*. His lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scorner of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pasha among Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karagholookoldour.

"*Traveller (to his Dragoman)*. What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will take me for a mere cockney."

Some of the critics of the time complained that Kinglake's comments on Palestine were not sufficiently minute to be instructive, and were lacking in religious fervor. It was the purpose of the author to leave such wants unsatisfied. Guide-books were cheap, and Bible histories were not rare; but to produce a book of travels which would fascinate by the vigor of its originality and the beauty of its diction required ability akin to genius. A historian of the literature of the Victorian period has described *Eothen* as "the most brilliant and vivid book of travel known to our modern English."

Kinglake left his legal practice and landed with the British army in the Crimea in 1854. It is not stated that he came with any intention different from that of other English gentlemen who were anxious spectators. However, he soon left his companions, placed himself in the saddle, and on the morning of the battle of the Alma was a member of the staff of Lord Raglan, the British Commander-in-chief. That evening he dined with Lord Raglan in celebration of the victory—the "heroic scramble," as it has been wittily called. Warm friendship sprang up between them. Circumstances suggested that Kinglake should attempt a history of the war. After Lord Raglan's death all his papers were given to Kinglake for this purpose.

The greater part of the next thirty years was devoted to the prosecution of this work. The first volume of the English edition of *The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan*, appeared in 1863. The eighth and last was published in 1887. Messrs. Harper & Brothers brought out the American edition in six volumes.

The literary style and the intellectual keenness of *Eothen* were sufficient to assure two qualities important to his undertaking. His observation of many of the most thrilling engagements gave him a special advantage over most military historians. European travellers in the burning silent solitude of the desert, as they advanced with faces hid from the light, have often believed that they could hear some old familiar strain or the ringing of their village bells. Kinglake's memory was so vivid that he may often have imagined, as he wrote, that he could hear the shouts of charging soldiers and the roar of cannon. In addition, he had the patience and searching mind of a great lawyer, and his material was practically complete.

However, the finished history was not received without severe criticism. His intimacy with Lord Raglan gave his mind a favorable bias in that direction, and consequently strengthened his hostility to Louis Napoleon. He could see nothing good in the Emperor or his followers, and thought of the former especially seemed entirely to deprive him of his sober judgment. Napoleon resented the reflections upon himself by forbidding the sale of the history in France. Not a few insisted that the work was inexcusably lengthy. To many there may be room for criticism here, especially when it is noted that the third and fourth volumes of the English edition gave the history of just thirty-five days. One critic made the amusing estimate that a closely printed duodecimo page was allotted to the events of every forty-eight hours!

These, like many other and more weighty criticisms which followed the publication of the different volumes, are, after all, not very serious, and are likely to be lost sight of after the history takes its permanent place in literature. The two most important attributes of a good history are correctness in statement of facts and a pleasing originality in style. Biassed judgment, personal favoritism, and even a lack of proper proportions can all be partially corrected by the reader as he progresses; they do not necessarily vitiate the narrative. These two essential qualities are especially prevalent in Kinglake's history. He has many other strong points, but a fuller characterization of Kinglake's historical work may best be left to a brilliant fellow-historian, Justin McCarthy: "It shows many gleams of the poetic, and it has some of the brightest and bitterest satirical passages in the literature of our time. The chapters in which Mr. Kinglake goes out of his way to describe the character and the companions of the Emperor Napoleon III. cut like corrosive acid. ....They [some chapters] are read for their style, and nothing more....It [the history] is brilliant; it is powerful; it is full of thrilling passages; but it remains, after all, the historical romance rather than history."

Kinglake's career in the House of Commons covered a period of about eleven years, beginning in 1857. He was most conspicuous in connection with the questions of the Conspiracy Bill, of the *Cagliari*, and of *Charles et Georges*. As was natural with one having his views of Napoleon, he strongly denounced the annexation of Nice and Savoy to France in 1860. His gifts were not suitable for a successful parliamentary career. He was never able to muster a sufficiently strong following to give him the success which he desired.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN.

IN these days of kaleidoscopic politics a young man barely thirty-one years of age, who has been chosen by the same constituency to serve them for seven terms in the State Legislature, who has been selected by his party for five successive sessions to lead it on the floor of the House against a restless, resourceful, and aggressive majority, must possess qualities other than those of the successful politician. The early life of William F. Sheehan, who on the 6th instant was elected by the Assembly of the State of New York to preside over its deliberations during the one hundred and fourteenth session of the Legislature, was no different from that of thousands of the youth of the country. He was born in humble circumstances in the city of Buffalo, New York. Educated at the public schools and at St. Joseph's College of that city, he studied law in the office of Charles F. Tabor—now Attorney-General of the State—and in 1882 was admitted to the firm. Two years later he was elected to the Assembly by a flattering majority, and began his term in the Legislature with David B. Hill's régime as Governor, Mr. Cleveland having resigned the Gubernatorial chair to accept the Presidency. In the fall of 1885 Mr. Hill was nominated for Governor, and he had no more ardent and enthusiastic worker on election day than the tall, impetuous, pugnacious, and honest Buffalonian. Sheehan that year was re-elected to the Assembly by a larger majority than before, and when the Legislature convened, the Governor threw all the influence he possessed in favor of Sheehan for leader of the minority. In this position his abilities were developed and displayed to the best advantage. He is a born parliamentarian, quick, full of resource, and always ready to grasp the slightest advantage dropped by his opponents, a well-equipped debater, an earnest and a vigorous speaker, and an uncompromising partisan.

He enjoys the distinction of having been nominated consecutively more frequently for Speaker than any other man in the history of the State, and, with the exception of Edmund L. Pitts, who was elected in 1867, of being the youngest of the seventy-one Speakers who have filled this honorable position.

In appearance, Mr. Sheehan is six feet in height, slender but muscularly built, with a frank, open expression, clear blue eye shadowed by an overhanging brow. His manners are cordial and business-like, his presence inspires confidence, and his popularity is equally divided between those whom he leads and those whom he opposes. There is scarcely a committee in the Assembly, from that of Salt to Ways and Means, that he has not served upon, and in all he has left the impress of a man controlled by conscientious motives and a determination always to do the right thing in the right way at the right time. In all the vicissitudes of a public career, in the turmoil and strife of political campaigns, his integrity has never been impeached or his word doubted.

His home newspapers are already putting him in the field for the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor this fall on the Democratic ticket—a promotion which will very largely depend upon his record in the Speaker's chair.

CONTENT.

My days have been so filled with happiness,
  That should the balance of my life be
    spent
In naught but woe and unrelieved distress,
  I still should live in sweet and blest
    content.

The pleasures I have tasted cannot die—
  The memory of my joys must ever last;
Nor can Fate wring from me one bitter
    cry,
  Who find pure bliss in living o'er the
    past.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CAUTIOUS.

"Now, then, Patrick, the ice is in prime condition; we can take right hold and do some lively sawing."

"Bedad! will we, thin? Not till oi'm sure av wan thing—the which ind av the saw will oi be takin'?"

FARMING.

XX.—(*Conclusion.*)

It was a source of great relief to us when we once more saw the weary, defeated champion of windmills duly established in Dove's Nest. His great anxiety to be restored to his original occupation made it easy for us to arrive at a thoroughly satisfactory business arrangement; and when we parted we were full of prayers and hopes for each other's happiness and good fortune.

Once more I had the pleasure of seeing Phillada in the attitude of a flat-wife, and Spot exercising as of old on the window-sill, and capering up and down our rooms, arranged, of course, in tandem, or Indian file style.

When I had to remain down-town all night to find the seven cents necessary to balance the books, I thought of the old days when it was necessary to sit up night after night to watch the tree whose branches bent beneath their great burden of chickens.

When my friends came around and asked me how I liked farming, I waxed enthusiastic, and told them that it was the only genuine pursuit extant. In fact, I spoke of it more warmly than I did when I first thought of embracing it as an occupation combining pleasure with business.

"Then why did you give it up?" they would ask.

"For the same reason that I abandoned book-keeping," I would reply, smiling; "I was ordered to do both by the doctors. One doctor advised me to drop the pen and take up the hoe; another told me to hang up the hoe and seek refuge in the pen, and in each case I was an obedient patient."

I also made it a rule to disparage book-keeping in a mild way, that I might seem sore over an occupation that really was the cause of my contented state of mind, and at the same time create the impression that I was the victim of keen disappointment in not being able to continue in the balmy path of agriculture.

I still had the *Plough and Harrow* on my table, having considered it sufficiently valuable to ask the publishers to change my address, that I might enjoy what I honestly believed from my knowledge of the subject treated, to be, taken as a whole, about the finest and liveliest specimen of all the humorous publications extant.

Whenever an agricultural play was put on the stage we made it a religious duty to see it at least once or twice for a rapturous study of its verisimilitude, or lack of it. But in truth I cared nothing for farming since being initiated into its mysteries. I cared not if all the crops failed, because, no matter how signally they fail, the city markets are always overstocked. I did not care if the whirlwinds tore the topknot foliage off the turnips of Russia, or the beans from the gaunt and scrawny poles, I could sit in my air-tight, snow-proof flat, and puff the room full of delicate wreaths of smoke from a tobacco so spicy that it would be difficult for me to believe that it ever grew in the country, for the reason that in the rural districts I had never found any fit for use in a corn-cob pipe. And while I looked in the airy clouds of tobacco smoke I could see the man of windmills undergoing a series of misfortunes too sad to be bodied forth in a word-picture.

I would be perfectly willing to do my farming in the future at the corner grocery, where the finest specimens of everything desirable and green could always be had on application, and where a crop failure would ever be an unknown quantity. There I could find the pumpkin in its natural state, or formulated into a savory open-faced pie; I could pluck the carrot without disturbing the dreamy repose of the small of my back; I could gather chickens without a chase, and apples without a pole; and could silently and serenely contemplate the cabbage exposed to public view with a retail price on its head.

My luxurious lounge, covered with a flowered Persian rug, would be the flower bank into which I could sink with a sweeter forgetfulness than I ever knew on nature's sward. And there I could dream and dream—when not engaged in a mad pursuit after the seven cents necessary to balance the books of Smith, Smith, & Smith—and wander in fancy by the margins of lisping runnels befringed with dewy flowers, and gently sloping meadows sweet with the songs of birds. I could

see the sun rise majestically above the wood, responsive to the crowing of the lordly Shanghai, and observe it set with a broad, self-satisfied grin behind the old Dutch windmill, and note its lazy arms asleep against Sol's burning countenance. I could dream of even

the unmortgaged farm being the home of the free—because the farmer is independent—and the home of the slave—because the farmer is not independent, except in the imagination of the poet. And from these pleasant visions I could wake, and observe, as a lasting memento of our experience at Dove's Nest, perched upon a bust of Greeley just above my oaken writing-desk, as white as Aphrodite's squab, and grinning right back to the glass eyes of the taxidermist, one lone solitary Pekin duck, and hear Spot bark playfully at it, while I, curled in a pleasant heap of comfort, could regard myself as contented and happy as an English lord—when he wins an American girl.

R. K. Munkittrick.

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BETWEEN-DECKS—OLD AND NEW.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

THE days of the old wooden walls—the wooden walls of America following the example of the wooden walls of England and of the rest of the naval powers of the earth—are over. Old sailors and lovers of old sea-literature do not like the change. They seem to think that the poetry of the sea and of the old war ships is doomed, and indeed Charles Dibdin's songs and other songs, so far as they are inspired by the helpful or the retarding gales, will have little meaning to the boy who knows nothing of canvas, and to whom a mast signifies a short sparless pole with a protected station mid-

AN OLD-TIMER.

way up its stumpy length, from which men fire at their enemies with ordnance that is in the extreme of fashion.

"We sailor-men don't like 'em," said an old navy officer of the last war, referring to the modern vessels of the service. "We don't like 'em. They ain't like ships to us. We can't look aloft on them and see anything. When we sailor-men look aloft, we like to see something. We like to see the sheets and rigging. When we're in a storm, we feel safe if we can stretch a bit of canvas. But there isn't any canvas on these things, and there is a great big roaring thing down below that we don't understand, and I don't believe any one does, and that's all we've got to stand by. No, I don't like 'em. I like to see something when I look aloft."

There was poetry and there was misery within the old wooden walls. The misery came from man's tyranny, and the poetry from man's heroism and love of the free life on the sea. They who are descended from the old Norse Vikings and Berserks have within their veins blood that runs in rhythm with the fiercest passions of the Northern seas. The softer waters and sweeter breezes of the South have produced great navigators and enterprising traders, but they have not brought forth the mighty men of war, whose contests with the tempest and the waves filled them with a thirst for their combats with men, and for the glory of overcoming their enemies on the wide wastes of water.

Not that the southern nations have not the daring of their craft. The Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the old Greeks, all made memorable voyages, and encountered and overcame perils. Sails are said to have been suggested to the Egyptians by Isis, and we know the splendor of those decorated wings which bore the bark of Cleopatra out of the fatal battle of Actium. It was not that bark, however, which Shakespeare described. It was when she went to meet Antony that

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water."

She had purple sails at Actium, but whether they were "so perfumed that the winds were lovesick with them" the poet does not tell us. The enchantress was able to lure Antony out of the fight, however, for he fled after her "like a doting mallard."

"O, my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails!"

cries the Egyptian queen, and Antony answers,

"Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after."

It all sounds very little like the hoarse cries of the northern sailors, who rejoiced in the sea for its own sake, loved their ships for their stanchness and swiftness, loved them for the free life they led in them, and for the opportunities they offered them for fight and plunder. Their sails were never fearful, and no Norseman's heartstrings got entangled with the rudder of a fleeing charmer's. They were made of different, stronger, and wilder material. The mad sea that dashed upon their rocky coasts was their charmer. It took them in its strong arms, filled their hearts with both its madness and its lovely gentleness, caressed them like a lover, warred with them like a jealous Fury, and when it killed them, kept their bones forever in its secret places. Out of this life has come the poetry of the life which has been led within the wooden walls of the northern nations. And shall the poetry cease to be because those wooden walls have changed to steel?

It was the manhood bred of the sea of which the Norsemen sang. When Hereward and his crew were followed by the witch whale, the outlaw sang, cheerfully:

"Lightly the long snake
Leaps after tempests,
Gayly the sungleam
Glows after rain.
In labor and daring
Lies luck of all mortals;
Foul winds and foul witch-wives
Fray women alone."

And again:

"With blood of my bold ones,
With bale of my comrades,
Thinks Aegir, brine-thirsty,
His throat he can stabe?
Though salt spray, shrill-sounding,
Sweep in swan's flights above us,
True heroes, troth-plighted,
Together we'll die."

It is out of the life of the sea that the romance of the sea comes. It is what happens "between-decks," not the form nor the material of which the vessel is composed, that is the subject of songs; and some day in the far future, when the roaring hot things in the hold are thoroughly understood, and when the sailor has grown accustomed to looking up without seeing the maze of ropes and spars, there may come other figures of poetry to his imaginative mind than those suggested by the wanton winds and the swelling sails. And yet it would be hazardous to predict that such would be the case in this day, when poetry is deserting the material world, and plunging into psychic gropings.

There were certainly between-deck happenings on the ancient biremes and triremes. Even in the one-decked galley there was a space between the keelson and the deck, but no one lived there. It was like the hold of a modern vessel—a place for the storage of provisions, the supply of which, fortunately, needed not to be great, for the one-decked galley never ventured far from home, and provisions were renewed every day. As for the bigger vessels, the crews probably ate and slept on their rowing benches, and at that they took their meals as comfortably as many modern sailors take theirs.

In ancient days there seems to have been built a great war vessel by Archimedes for Hieron, the King of Syracuse, which must have been as unsafe as it was ambitious and extravagant. It was not only a fighting ship, but it possessed even more splendor than the most sumptuous American steam-boat. Being the work of Archimedes, it was, of course, replete with curious and ingenious mechanical contrivances. Its interior arrangements, with which we are now chiefly concerned, have been thus described: "The middle deck had on each side of it fifteen apartments for dining, each furnished with four couches, such as they used to lie on at their meals; and on the same deck was also the place for the accommodation for the mariners, whereon were fifteen couches, and three large chambers for men and their wives, each having three beds, next which was the kitchen for the poop, the floors of all which were paved with mosaic-work, wherein was represented the whole story of the Iliad; and suitable to so rich a floor was the workmanship of the ceiling and door to each apartment. On the upper deck was a place for exercise, and a fine walk, wherein were several garden-plots furnished with plants of all kinds, which were watered by leaden pipes laid to them from a great receptacle of fresh water; where there were also several arbors of ivy and vines set in hogsheads of earth, whose roots were watered in like manner as the plants." Were ever mariners so well housed and circumstanced as these? This brief extract from the description of the ship gives but a faint idea of its glories. There were cabins for the marine soldiers (they had marines in those far-distant days), and "twenty stables for horses" (horse-marines also were apparently not unknown), and in the forecastle (what a glorious forecastle it must have been!) "was a receptacle for fresh water, made of planks, well lined with cloth and pitch, which held two hundred and fifty-three hogsheads; and near that was a well, lined with sheet-lead, which, being kept full of sea-water, nourished great numbers of fish."

This ship was too big for the shallow harbor of Syracuse, so Hieron sent her as a present to Ptolemy, surnamed Philopator, King of the Egyptians, and her name was changed from *Syracuse* to *Alexandria*.

The luxury of marine life is illustrated in this palace, with its baths, its sleeping-rooms, its couches, its banquet halls with all the devices that could be invented by the pleasure loving, sensuous Greeks. It was all in keeping with the soft airs and smooth waters that kissed the purple hills of the Mediterranean and Ionian seas.

Manners and habits were different in the northern seas. There not only was luxury wanting, but common comfort was despised. There was no life between-decks on a Scandinavian draka or suekar. The deck on which the rowers sat was movable, and beneath it there was little room for anything besides the boxes of stones and other weapons with which the Vikings killed their enemies and their quarries.

Commodore Parker, in his very interesting work on the galley period, says that "it seems to have been their [the Norsemen's] custom to make a harbor every night, and sleep ashore under *tilts*, or ships' tents; but when necessity obliged them to remain afloat, the rowers found a shelter amidships, under 'tented' awnings, while the officers and petty officers took refuge under the poop and forecastle decks. In some of the finest of their vessels, however, there was a poop cabin occupied exclusively by the captain or commander-in-chief."

The Greek mariners evidently thought much of personal cleanliness as well as of personal comfort, if we are to accept as evidence of that the presence of abundant water on board of the *Alexandria*. But the Norsemen did not care for the dainty customs of the South, and when they were on their long voyages after conquest or plunder, they got along very comfortably without changing their clothes.

When Hereward returned to Bruges after winning Mare Swallow, and was ushered into the presence of Torfrida in the guise of a beggar-man, Charles Kingsley tells us that "his shirt was brown with gore and torn with wounds, and through its rents showed more than one hardly healed scar. His hair and beard were all in elf-locks, and one heavy cut across the head had shorn not only hair, but brain-pan very close. Moreover, any nose, save that of Love, might have required perfume....

"'Hereward,' said Torfrida, a week after, 'and did you really never change your shirt in all that time?'

"'Never. I kept my promise.'"

But these fierce, dirty sailors and warriors were the sub-

AFT ON THE HALF-DECK.

jects of much poetry. It was Olaf's fleet—the fleet that destroyed London Bridge—which inspired the "Scald's Song":

"From Norway fiord sailing free
Our ships sweep o'er the dark blue sea;
Their sails well trimmed to catch the wind;
Their gunwales low with bright shields lined;
Their prows with dragons' heads adórned,
Or hissing snakes, or bisons horned,
Or warrior grim, in mail-clad vest,
With visor closed and lance at rest."

The *Great Harry*, built by Henry VIII., the founder of the British navy, was the first ship of that service. It was a most complicated and striking structure. It was a three-decker, with the addition of an enormous superstructure at the poop and forecastle. From every available spot guns protruded—falcons, demi-cannon, sabres, minions, and cannon petronels. This was the first great sailing ship of war, the predecessor of those that afterward made their way from Spain in the Armada. From this type was developed the man-of-war of wood which endured until the Monitor absolutely revolutionized naval architecture so far as concerned war vessels. The spar-deck, the gun-deck, and the berth-deck became possible. And each deck has had its laws and traditions, from the quarter-deck down to the orlop, for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

It is not essential that we should weary ourselves with searching into the manner of life in those old vessels, whose voyages were generally short, because every day on the ocean threatened the life of ship and crew. Life everywhere in that old time was scant of comfort, although there was glory enough in it—the glory of many blows and of much gore. Between-decks in the vessels of the Armada, or in those which Sir Walter Raleigh or Essex commanded, could not have been pleasant places, and would doubtless appear to the fastidious officer of a modern navy as past redemption.

Dirt bred disease and violent plagues then as it does now, but no one knew it then. People mistook dirt for a visitation of Providence, and as kings and emperors and even popes of that ancient day had not as comfortable beds as the Irish constabulary now throw out of the mud cabins of evicted tenants, the sailors did not grumble about the hard planks on which they slept any more than their modern predecessors grumble over this or that, fulfilling the full duty of a first-rate Jack to find fault with everything but a chance to break some one's head.

There is little likeness between the life in the ships of our own time and in those of England three hundred years ago, nor is there much resemblance between life now and a hundred years ago, when press-gangs flourished, and when men were kidnapped to be the victims of a brutality with which Marryat and Smollett have made us familiar.

The cruelties that were practised on those old ships of war are not, however, to be charged to the officers alone. The government and the Admiralty had a good deal to answer for. Roderick Random's commanding officer insisted that he would have no sick on his vessel, and ordered men on duty who died with the first effort that the tyrant compelled them to make; but if we are to take Smollett's description of a sick-bay as accurate, fatal work, or even suicide, was preferable to its fetid atmosphere. A sick-bay of an old man-of-war was blessed with neither light nor air, and the poor fellows who were confined in it, some of them suffering from wounds inflicted by brutal officers, had very little attention from the surgeons or the surgeons' mates, and often that little could well have been spared. Everything is different now. It always was very different in the American navy, whose sailors were first found among the free and very independent fishermen of Cape Cod and Marblehead.

And yet, notwithstanding all their hardships, the sailors of the olden time—such is the influence of the sea, such its freedom, and such the wonderful stimulus given by salt air to the imagination—were able to sing those hopeful and vociferous songs in which a little cherub is stated to be sitting up aloft keeping watch over poor Jack.

"Jack dances and sings, and is always content;
In his vows to his lass he'll ne'er fail her;
His anchor's atrip when his money's all spent—
And this is the life of a sailor."

One would hardly expect to hear these cheerful sentiments from a man who had been knocked down by a press-gang, loaded with irons, flung into a boat, stolen from his wife and family mayhap, knocked down once more by a midshipman, and dragged to the mast for punishment before his wounds were healed. And yet these songs were sung before the men had hammocks to swing between-decks, before tables for their mess were thought of, before it entered into the heads of the authorities that decent food, decent clothes, decent treatment, were necessary, nor anything very much, except grog; and of that there was an overflowing and unconscionable abundance. Perhaps one may guess the reason for the content and even the joyousness of the old sailors from that breezy confession—or boast, it may be, if you take bold Jack's point of view—interpreted by Dibdin, and concluding with those memorable verses:

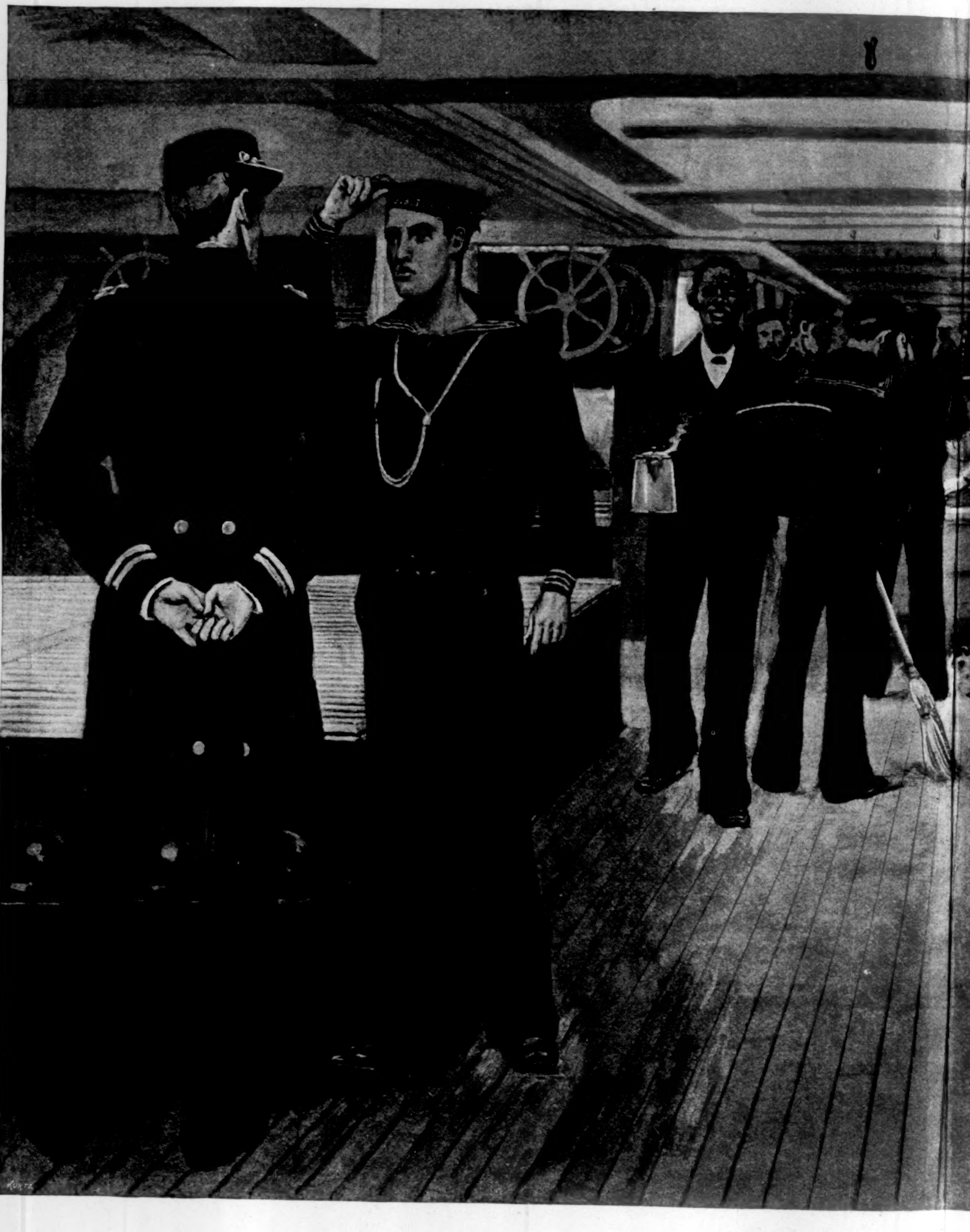
"Thus be we sailors all the go,
On fortune's sea we rub;
We works, and loves, and fights the foe,
And drinks the generous bub.

"Storms that the masts to splinters rend
Can't shake our jovial life.
In every mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife."

Whoever shall understand the apparent vagaries of a seafaring man's life must have felt the exhilaration of the sea. Dr. Johnson never went to sea, and having looked upon the discomforts of the forecastle, he concluded that no one would go who had sense enough to get into jail. But Dr. Johnson also thought that Scotchmen had no wit nor appreciation of it.

The man who enlists in these days has very comfortable quarters if he is fortunate enough to be sent to the larger vessels, otherwise he may be cramped for room, but that is all. He will have good food, well cooked, and there will be absolute cleanliness in his surroundings. When he is ill, he will have every attention that a skilled surgeon can give him, and the sick-bay will be as light and well ventilated as the vessel and the state of the weather at sea will permit. Of course life at sea cannot be wholly as comfortable as life ashore. Even an admiral, in his solitary state and his big cabin, is not surrounded with the luxuries that he has in his house. But one who loves the sea and the service finds very many compensations for the discomforts which he is obliged to undergo when he is doing sea-duty.

In the great old frigates and line-of-battle ships, with which the readers of sea-fights are most familiar, the men lived on a spacious berth-deck, nearly every part of which was visible from end to end of the ship. The great masts, which stood like columns on the middle fore-and-aft line of the deck, constituted about the only ob-



ON THE GUN-DECK OF A "

struction. About this deck were grouped the men all day; some of them making their clothes, some of them painfully writing letters; here and there an especially smart one jotting down his experiences in a journal. (Ah, how many lubbers have obtained a life-long sea reputation by means of the journal of a solitary voyage!) At night the hammocks are swung from the deck timbers, and Jack sleeps well after a hard day's work near his guns, several hundred sailors snoring in unison. The hammock was a blessed invention. Raleigh was one of the first of European sailors to adopt it. It was a gift from America, for it was the bed of the native Peruvians. In the old and the new ships the hammocks are stowed along the sides, and especially in the upper part of the bulwarks, where formerly they were supposed to afford protection and defence against small shot. Now there is nothing that can be done in this way by a hammock.

"Between-decks" is where the men live; "on deck" is where they do their duty. They start for the mast-head from the spar-deck; that is, the upper deck, that which is uncovered. They walk their watches on deck. The bridge on which the watch officer is stationed is above the deck; the wheel is also above the deck. The deck corresponds to the "out-of-doors" of the landsman, and is the place where the active life of the ship goes on. When the sailor goes below between-decks he goes home, to his food, to his rest, to attend to his personal affairs. He does not always seek his pleasure between-decks. Here, again, he resembles the landsman, who does not always find his amusement at home, but who goes into the streets to escape himself or some other evil influence. The sailor often finds that the top of the forecastle is pleasanter than the berth-deck, and to it he goes. There he goes for his pipe and his chat when the weather is propitious; but when he wants to read a book from the library which is on every American war ship, or when he wants to draw comfort out of his ditty-box, he goes below, and squats about the deck, against the sides of the vessel, or a mast, or under one of the big guns. He keeps in his ditty-box all the letters that he has received, with his other odds and ends that are dear to him.

The library of a man-of-war is often a very imposing array of books to those who are not aware that there is such a comfort in the sailor's life. He can have good reading if he wants it, thanks to an enlightened age and to the charity of good people. What would an old sea-dog of the last century, or even of the war of 1812, have said to the introduction of literature into the navy? He would have sworn by all the sea-gods of ancient and modern times, and by all the sea-devils too, that the service was going to the dogs, and that there would be an end to fighting if Jack were turned into a bookish milksop. It is fair to say that Jack does not trouble the library over-much. The apprentices do more reading than the old tars. At the best there is a very small percentage of the men who want any books but those that contain the strongest spice of imagination. Some of the men in the groups between-decks are making their clothes, for every good sailor makes his own clothes. The government sells him the cloth at a reasonable price, and cuts it out; Jack sews it together, and a very deft hatter and tailor he becomes in the course of a cruise or two.

Among the men who are sitting about chatting, sewing, writing, reading, or merely loafing, are the ship's mechanics, and some of these, as Mr. Zogbaum's picture of an old-fashioned gun-deck shows, are carrying on their useful occupations. The carpenter is at work on some bit that needs repairing or replacing; and whatever he does, he is always an object of curiosity to the sailor-man.

To say what goes on between-decks would be to tell the story of the dispositions and natures of those who go down to the sea in ships. Some man dances, and he always finds a mate who is ready to pat for him, or, better still, to play the banjo or accordion. Some men sing, and singing is always pleasant on the water. The sailor has a strong love for music, and a reverential awe for him who can bring forth sweet sounds either by voice or instrument. So you shall see him when the ship's band practises gather forward to listen to the attempts of the official musicians to master something new against the next dance that the officers will give when they reach port.

Some of the men play checkers, and some of them tell incredible yarns to credulous youngsters. All of them enjoy themselves, and all outbreaks are prevented by the marine on duty.

What sailors do on board ship has been often told. They play and work. They eat in groups, or messes, each mess having its cook, who is not really a cook, but a caterer who is paid by the men for looking after their comfort, for buying the extras, or "shore grub," which consists of both necessaries and luxuries that are not included in the government ration.

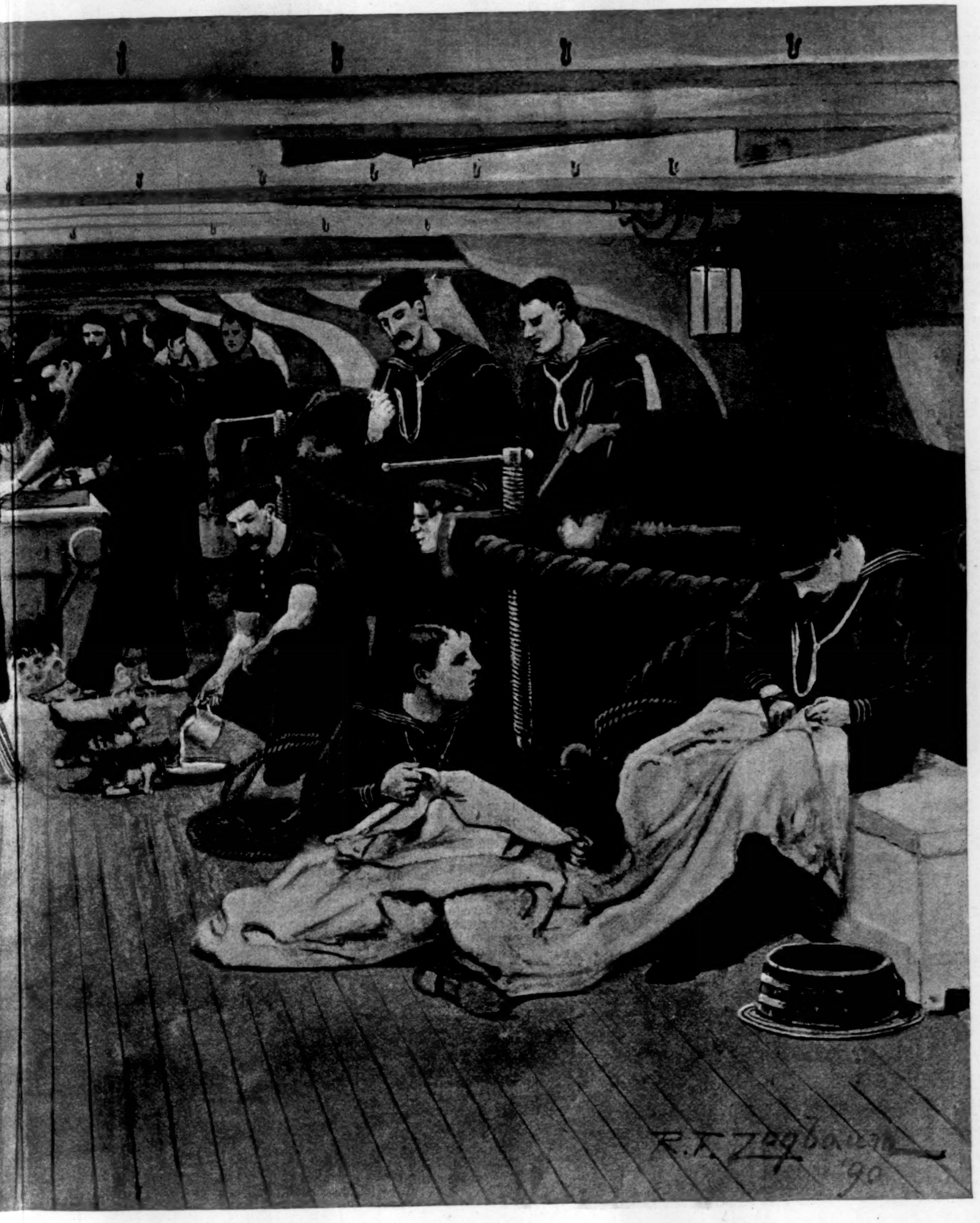
Life between-decks includes also that of the officers, but it is only the present system of officers' messes of which it is worth while saying much. Officers are very much like men of their class everywhere, and most of them are sometimes dreadfully bored at sea when they are not actually on duty. They can read, and they can write in a diary, or get their mails ready, and they can talk and play cards; but talking and playing cards for three years with the same set of men are conducive to yawning.

The wardroom officers, over whom the executive officer presides, have decidedly the best of the captain and the admiral, for they have some society, and even quarrelsome society is preferable in certain moods of the human mind to solitude. But the captain keeps to his apartment, which is guarded by the orderly, and both he and the admiral are surrounded by a mass of chilly etiquette. When the captain grows tired of reading, he can smoke, and console himself with the reflection that when he is admiral he will have his staff mess with him. When he grows weary of reflecting on the glories of admiralhood, he can play solitaire, and when he is tired of that, he can denounce his own idiocy in yielding to such an amusement.

The wardroom officers mess together. The captain messes alone, and the admiral messes alone. Sometimes the captain and the admiral live very much together. Usually their quarters, which are in the stern of the ship, are so arranged that they can be thrown into one set of apartments. The admiral and his fleet captain ought certainly to be on such terms of friendship that living together would be a pleasure. But there have been instances where a short experience at sea has been quite enough to master what had seemed to be a friendship ashore, and to effectually close the door between the cabins of the admiral and the captain. Then the two would not speak until the end of the cruise, if they were compelled to remain together for so long a time.

Until the new ships were added to our navy, flag-ships have not been plentiful, so that more than once during a whole cruise the admiral has growled at his food on one side of the door, and the captain has acquired his dyspepsia on the other.

Occasionally, of course, the captain invites an officer of the wardroom to dine with him, but there is a limit to the possibilities of that kind of hospitality, especially as the captain is under some restraint on board ship. In return, the captain, if he is a good and agreeable captain, may be invited to the delights of the wardroom. It is not every commanding officer who can enjoy that privilege. There are some officers of the navy who have grown out of the wardroom who will never again participate in its delights unless



OF A "WAR-TIME" FRIGATE.